

FEBRUARY

NO. 21

10¢

# CRACK COMICS

STARRING THE  
BLACK CONDOR



SPITFIRE



THE CLOCK



JANE ARDEN



THE SPIDER



NED BRANT



MOLLY<sup>THE</sup> MODEL



DON Q





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



FEBRUARY

NO. 21

TOP

# CRACK COMICS

OPPOSITE THE  
BLACK CHERRY

SHITFIRE

THE GLOCK

LAST ADREN

THE SAYER

HELL HUNTER

HELLHOUND

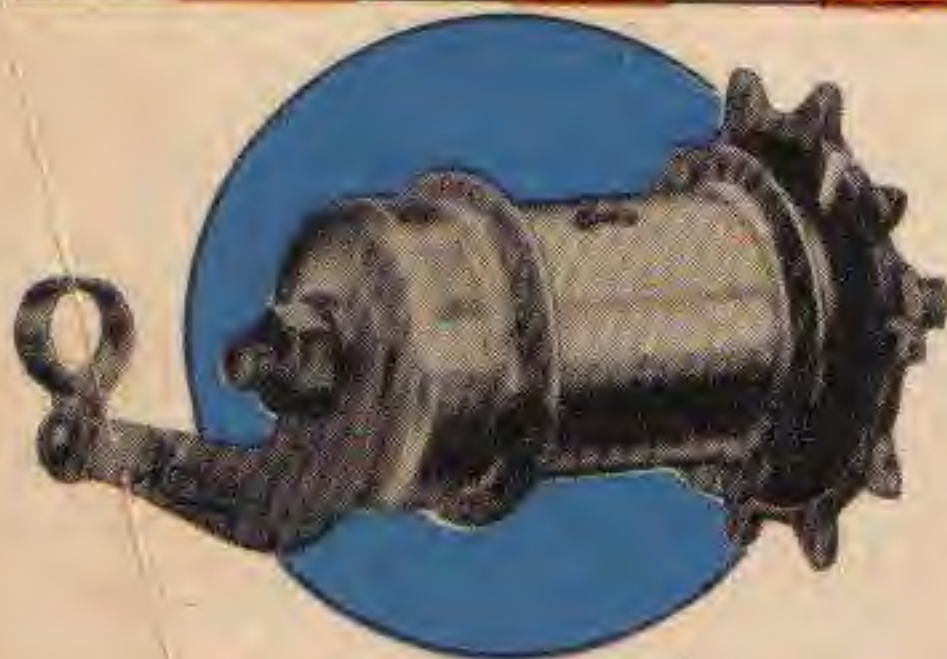
CRACK

TOP





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# THE Black CONDOR

by LOUIS K. FINE



ONE MAN PROVIDES A DOUBLE THREAT TO ALL TRAITORS, SPIES AND CRIMINALS... IN THE DUAL ROLE OF THE FLYING AVENGER AND SENATOR TOM WRIGHT IS THE BLACK CONDOR... DREADED FOE OF THE LAWLESS...

SOMEWHERE IN WASHINGTON...

GOOD! BERLIN HEARD WINCH'S MESSAGE!



HOW DID WINCH LEARN OF THAT BILL... ONLY TWO MEN KNOW IT'S FULL CONTENTS... OLD TRUSTWORTHY SENATOR JONES...

.. AND TOM WRIGHT!!

MR. AND MRS. UNITED STATES, TUNE IN ON STATION ABC... KALTEN WINCH IS ON THE AIR... EXCLUSIVE FLASH!! THE SENATE PROPOSES TO APPROPRIATE \$ 6,000,000,000 MORE FOR DEFENSE!!



NEXT DAY IN THE SENATE CHAMBERS













WENDY DOESN'T PROTEST TOO MUCH WHEN KURT LEADS HER INTO A ROOM NEXT TO CROW'S IN THE SHANE TOWER..



SHE WANTS TO LEARN MORE..



CLIMBING OUT ON A PERILOUSLY NARROW LEDGE, WENDY EDGES ALONG









FROM THE SENATE A WINGED MAN SOARS ALOFT...



HE TOSSES A METAL SPIKE UP  
TOWARD CROW'S WINDOW...



TOM'S FEET ARE AS  
FAST AS THE CONDOR'S WINGS.



HE EXITS THROUGH  
A TRAP-DOOR IN THE  
CAR'S ROOF



AND ZOOMS UP  
THE SHAFT AS  
THE CONDOR...



HIS BLACK RAY GUN  
SMASHES A SHORT-WAVE  
MESSAGE FROM  
BERLIN..





MEANWHILE..WENDY IS  
AT THE HOSPITAL..

YES FOLKS, TOM  
WRIGHT RAN OUT ON  
THE SENATE...  
LOOKS LIKE THE  
ACT OF A  
GUILTY MAN!!

THAT'S  
KALTEN  
WINCH  
AGAIN!!



WHEN DOCTOR FOSTER  
ARRIVES AT THE HOSPITAL..

WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN..SHE'S  
GONE!!

SHE WAS  
HERE A  
MINUTE AGO!

THEY MUST KNOW  
IT'S JASPAR  
CROW THAT'S  
GUILTY.. I'LL  
TELL THEM!



IN CROW'S OFFICE IT LOOKS  
LIKE THE BLACK CONDOR  
HAS THE UPPER HAND....

YOU WIN AGAIN!! ALRIGHT,  
CONDOR, NAME THE NEXT  
MOVE!!

YOU'RE  
COMING WITH  
ME TO THE  
SENATE!!!



BUT JUST THEN..

YOU DON'T OBJECT TO  
MY ANSWERING THE  
PHONE.. DO YOU?



YES? FOUND HER WALKING  
AROUND IN A HOSPITAL  
GOWN... DELIRIOUS? YES  
OF COURSE, HOLD HER...  
YOU KNOW WHERE..



WENDY FOSTER IS IN THE  
HANDS OF MY MEN... SHE'S  
SAFE AS LONG AS I AM...  
BUT IF YOU EXPOSE ME..YOU  
CAN GUESS THE REST FOR  
HER!!



ALRIGHT JASPAR... I'LL  
KEEP MUM... NO ONE  
WILL KNOW OF YOUR  
RACKET.. BUT JUST AS  
A PRECAUTION!!



I'M GOING  
TO PERCH YOU TWO  
OUT HERE.. SO  
YOU CAN'T SEND  
THAT PRIORITY  
BILL TO  
BERLIN!!



BETTER NOT BREATHE  
TOO HARD, JASPAR..  
THIS WEAKENED  
GIRDER MIGHT  
SNAP OFF...





ALL NIGHT THE BLACK CONDOR  
WINGS ACROSS THE CITY IN  
SEARCH OF WENDY

NO  
LUCK YET  
!!



CROWS!! A WHOLE  
FLOCK... THAT GIVES  
ME A HUNCH..



"THE CROWS NEST"...  
THERE'S JUST A CHANCE  
IT'S ONE OF JASPAR'S  
HIDEOUTS...



IN THE GLOOM OF THE  
MUSTY FLOOR THE CONDOR  
FINDS WENDY...



AND DYNAMITE  
STRIKES CROW'S  
SWARTHY  
HENCHMEN..





IN LESS THAN A MINUTE, WENDY IS SAFELY ON HER WAY HOME.



MEANWHILE...

THIS IS YOUR FAULT, KURT.



JUST THEN A PLANE FLYING LOW DROPS A LADDER.. CROW GRABS IT...

HE'S GOING TO CLIMB... I'VE GOT TO WARN HIM ABOUT MY RAY!!



BUT JASPAR CROW IS TOO LATE.. THE PLANE FLIES INTO THE DEADLY TRAP..



AND JASPAR CROW PLUNGES EARTHWARD... IS IT HIS END??



WHEN THE BLACK CONDOR RETURNS, ONLY KURT, THE SPY, REMAINS ATOP THE GIRDER

SO CROW GAVE ME THE SLIP AGAIN!!



NEXT DAY..

WUXTRY!! SPY RING SMASHED!! KALTEN WINCH IMPLICATED!!! BLACK CONDOR IS...



SENATOR TOM WRIGHT VISITS THE INJURED WENDY...

BEFORE I SCOLD YOU FOR RISKING YOUR LIFE, DEAR, I'LL HAVE TO THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME, BUT....



OH, I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY.... THE BLACK CONDOR FOUGHT FOR ME.. HE HELD ME IN HIS ARMS!! THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!!



WELL! BLACK CONDOR EH?...HMM.. I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHERE I STAND!





# SPITFIRE



A.M. Williams

EARLY DAWN AT THE EAGLE SQUADRON'S FIELD SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND ----



HERE THEY COME, CAPTAIN

YES...AND I'M AFRAID THEY'VE LOST A FEW PILOTS, TEX



PICKING UP THE FLARE PATH, THE SQUADRON'S HURRICANES WHISK DOWN THE BRIEFLY LIGHTED RUNWAY ----





WE ESCORTED THE BOMBERS OVER, CAPTAIN, BUT WHEN WE REACHED THE FRENCH COAST, WE RAN INTO EVERY GERMAN PLANE IN EUROPE ---- !!



WE COULDN'T SPOT THE NAZIS' HIDDEN HEAVY SHORE GUNS... TOO BUSY FIGHTING ENEMY PLANES... !!



THAT'S THE THIRD TIME WE'VE FAILED... GOT TO THINK OF SOME WAY...

WHAT'S UP, CAPTAIN?



THE NAZIS HAVE INSTALLED NEW LONG RANGE GUNS SOMEWHERE ON THE FRENCH COAST, TEX... THEY'RE WRECKING ENGLISH COASTAL TOWNS AND SHIPPING WITH THEIR SHELLS ----



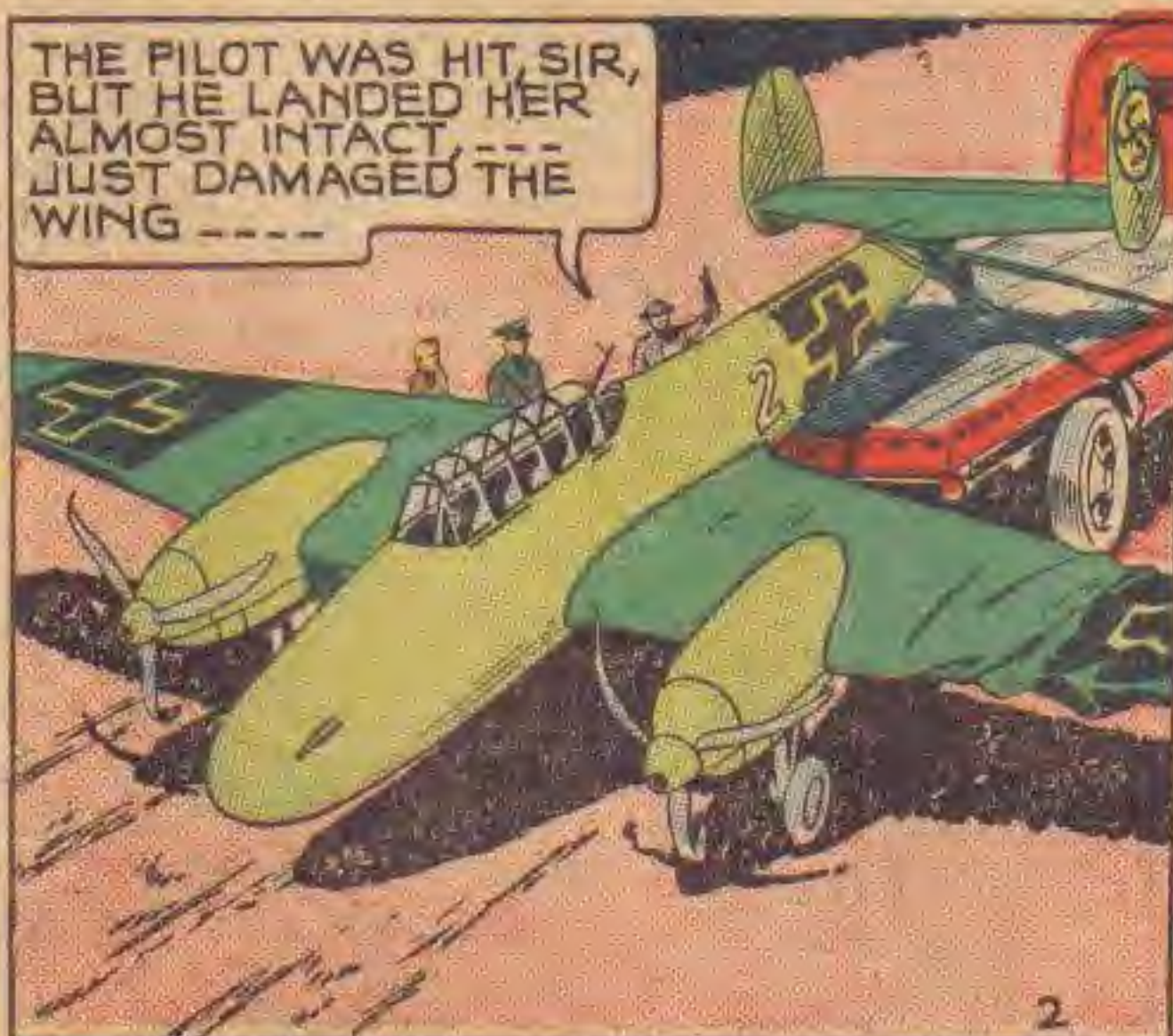
BUT THEY'RE SO WELL HIDDEN AND PROTECTED BY FIGHTER PLANES WE CAN'T LOCATE AND BOMB 'EM OUT !!



WE'VE HAULED IN A WRECKED GERMAN BOMBER, SIR!... CARE TO LOOK IT OVER, SIR?



THE PILOT WAS HIT, SIR, BUT HE LANDED HER ALMOST INTACT, --- JUST DAMAGED THE WING ----



I HAVE AN IDEA, CAPTAIN... HOW ABOUT FIXING THIS PLANE UP AND LETTING ME TAKE IT OVER TO LOOK FOR THOSE GUNS ----

YOU FIGURE THE NAZIS WOULDN'T BOTHER ONE OF THEIR OWN PLANES, EH... MIGHT WORK, TEX!





THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON FINDS  
THE REPAIRED GERMAN PLANE  
READY TO GO ---

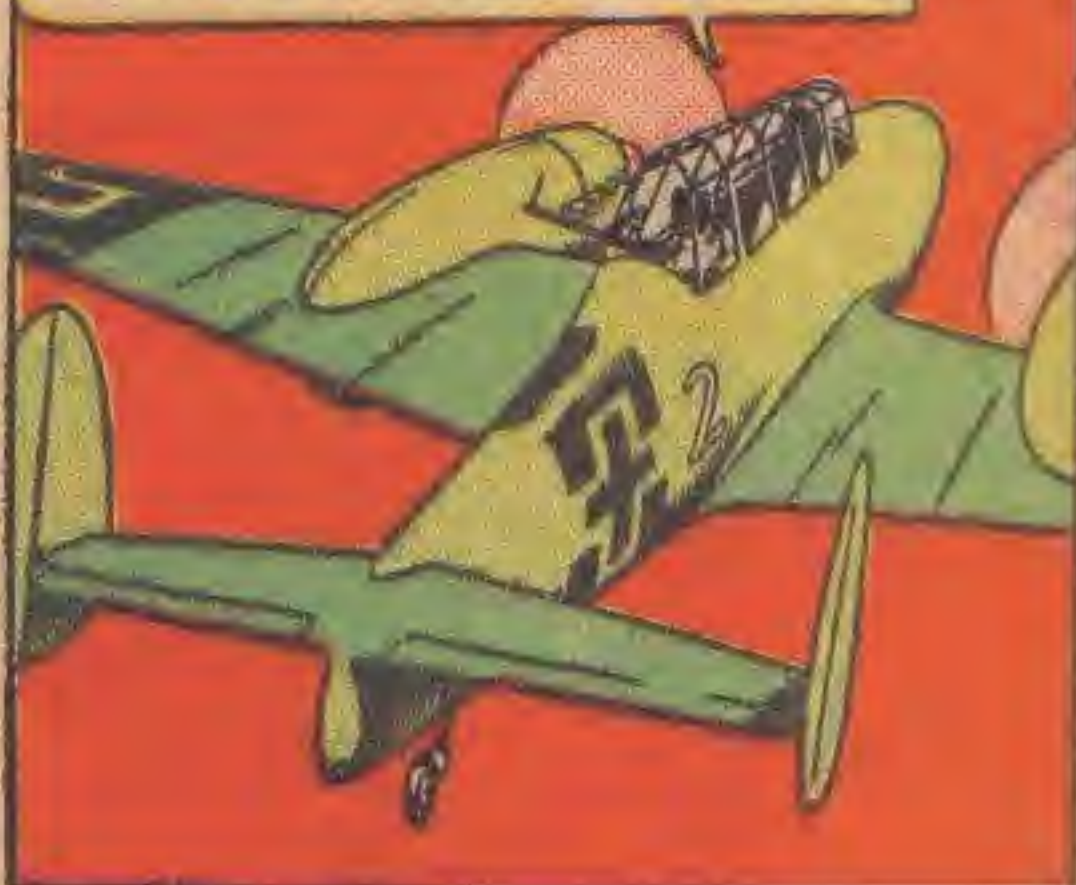


I'VE KEPT QUIET ABOUT  
YOUR FLIGHT... AFRAID  
OF SPIES... SO STEER  
CLEAR OF BRITISH PLANES!  
TO THEM YOU'RE AN ENEMY

LET'S ROLL,  
CHUCK !!



CHECK OUR COURSE, CHUCK...  
THOSE GUNS ARE SOMEPLACE  
BETWEEN CALAIS AND BOULOGNE  
ON THE FRENCH COAST ---



WE'LL FLY HIGH...  
UP AROUND 25,000  
FEET !



SPITFIRES OFF TO THE  
SOUTH, TEX... THEY  
DON'T SEE US THOUGH



THE CAPTURED MESSERSCHMITT,  
WITH TEX AT THE CONTROLS,  
DRONES ALONG HIGH ABOVE  
THE CHANNEL ---



THERE'S THE FRENCH COAST-  
LINE, CHUCK... WE CAN  
DROP DOWN NOW, I GUESS







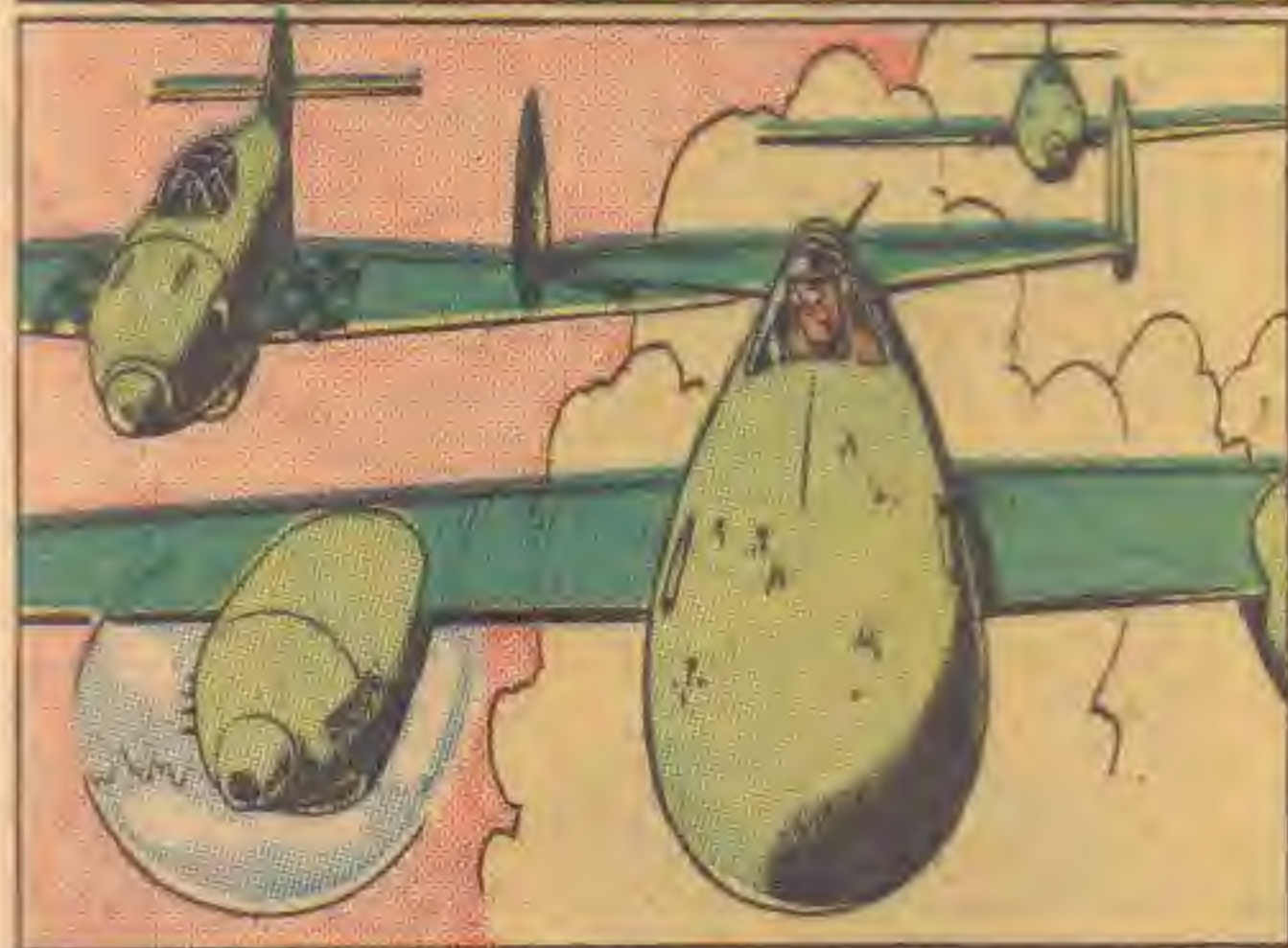
FLYING LOW, AS IF ON PATROL, THE MESSER-SCHMITT CRUISES DOWN THE COAST-----



SEE ANYTHING, CHUCK

NO--- BUT HERE'S COMPANY CHUM

TWO NAZI PURSUIT SHIPS JOIN IN--- TEX AND CHUCK WAVE HALF-HEARTEDLY



THERE THEY GO! --BROTHER, I'LL BET THOSE FEW MINUTES TOOK YEARS OFF MY LIFE !!



SUDDENLY AS THEY NEAR CALAIS, TEX SEES A TONGUE OF FLAME SPURT FROM A CLUMP OF TREES BELOW-----



CHUCK, THERE THEY ARE --- THE GUNS !!



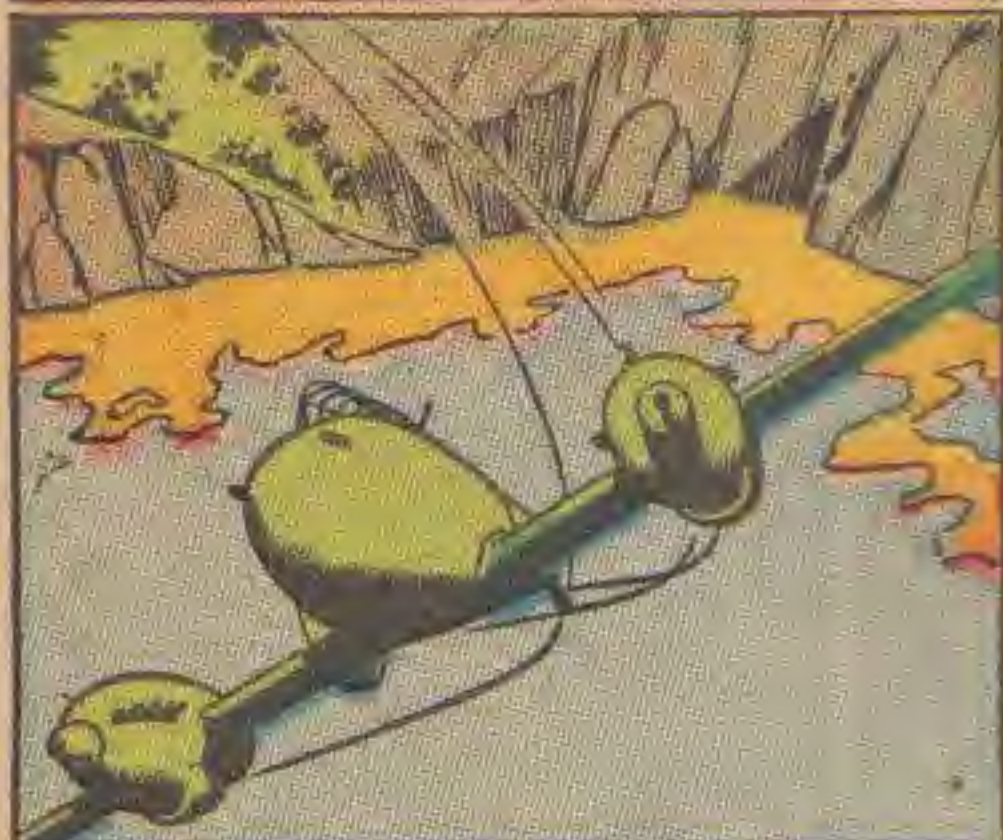
YEAH -- AND THEY'RE SIGNALING US WITH A BLINKER LIGHT, TEX



AS TEX BANKS AWAY, HE SEES NAZI PURSUIT SHIPS TAKING OFF FROM AN INNOCENT LOOKING FIELD



TEX SLAMS THE THROTTLE  
WIDE OPEN AND HEADS FOR  
ENGLAND-----



THEY'RE WISE TO US,  
CHUCK --- THAT WAS  
A RECOGNITION SIGNAL  
AND I COULDN'T ANSWER  
IT



HERE THEY  
COME, BOY!



THE NAZI SHIPS ROAR DOWN  
UPON THE FLEEING MESSER-  
SCHMITT LIKE AVENGING  
FURIES --- TEX STUNTS DESPER-  
ATELY, FLYING WITH ALL THE  
SKILL OF A MASTER --- !!



I CAN'T HOLD HER UP MUCH  
LONGER, CHUCK --- THEY'VE  
SHOT AWAY HALF THE CONTROLS



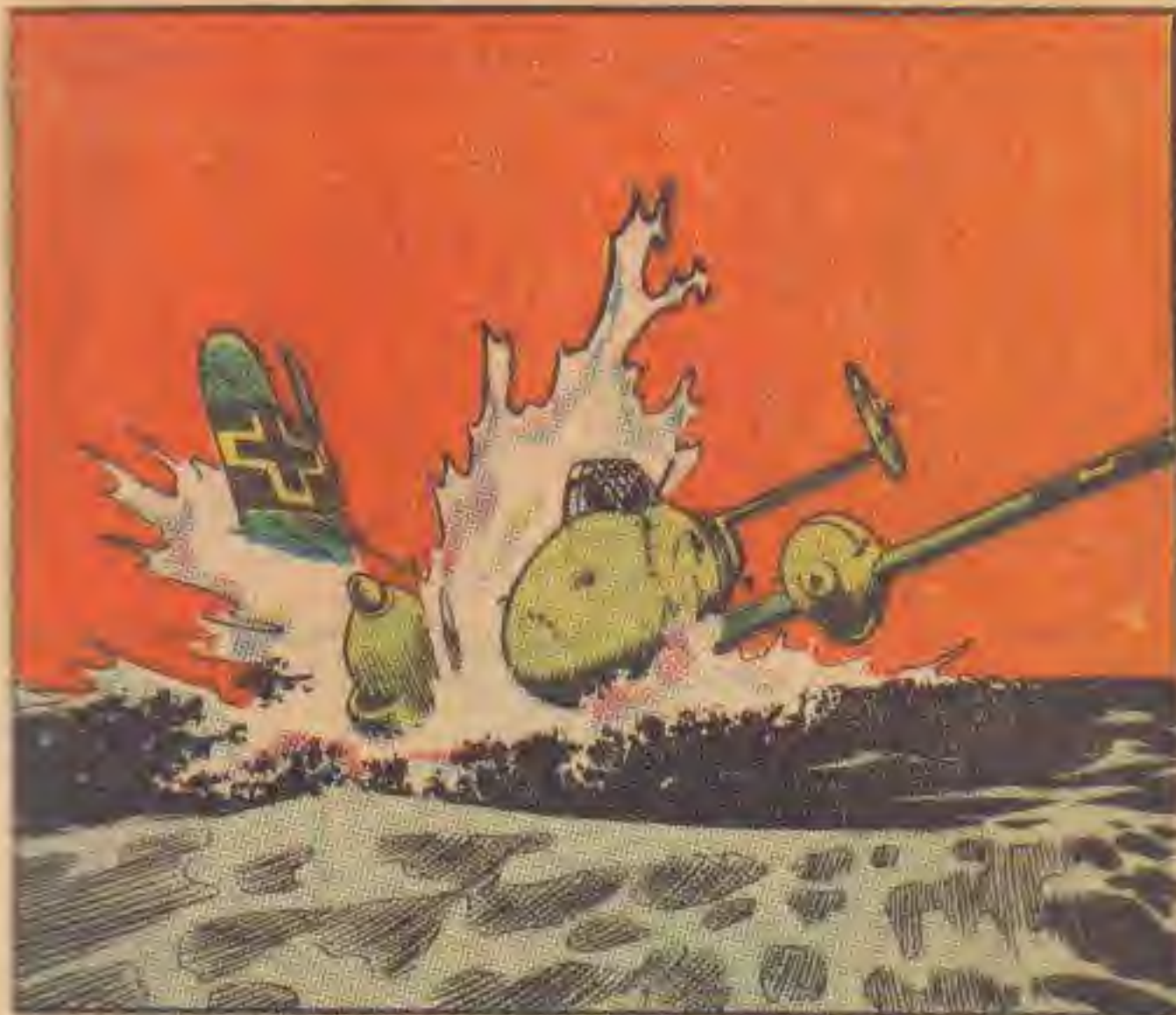
SHOT TO RIBBONS, THE  
PLANE IS FORCED LOWER  
AND LOWER TO THE  
CHANNEL WATERS ---



SHE'S GONE HAY-  
WIRE !! --- I CAN'T ---







SATISFIED THAT THEIR SECRET IS STILL SAFE, THE NAZI SHIPS ROAR BACK HOMEWARD----



AND A HALF-HOUR LATER AN ENGLISH CRASH BOAT PULLS UP BESIDE THE STILL FLOATING WRECKAGE OF A NAZI PLANE----



TWO OF THE CREW ARE CLINGING TO A WING--TAKE 'EM OFF



THEY'RE BOTH BAD OFF, SIR, BUT THE PILOT HAD THIS MAP CLENCHED IN ONE HAND----



GREAT HEAVENS---! HE'S MARKED DOWN THE LOCATION OF THOSE CURSED GUN EMPLACEMENTS--



HEAD FOR SHORE--- FAST!!



HOURS LATER-- HEAR THOSE PLANES, TEX--THEY'RE ON THE WAY TO BOMB THE GUNS--YOU'LL GET A MEDAL FOR THIS



I'D RATHER HAVE SWIMMING LESSONS INSTEAD!



# HACK O'HARA

DRIVING A TAXI IN THE BIG TOWN MEANS LONG HOURS AND OFTEN SMALL PAY, BUT TO ADVENTURE-LOVING HACK O'HARA HIS MID-NIGHT SHIFT MEANS A CHANCE TO RUN INTO THRILLS AND UNLOOKED FOR EXCITEMENT... THERE ARE FEW DULL MOMENTS IN THE LIFE OF THIS "HAPPY" CABBIE....



IT IS LATE AT NIGHT. O'HARA IS CRUISING NEAR A PIER WHERE A BIG SHIP HAS JUST DOCKED...



TAXI !!!

AH... FIRST FARE TONIGHT!!

DRIVER.. STEP ON IT TO 1007 FORT WASHINGTON AVE!

RIGHT, SIR!!

WOW! THAT'S A \$2.50 RIDE!!



AFTER SEVERAL BLOCKS...

CABBIE! THOSE LIGHTS BEHIND US.. DO YOU THINK THAT CAR IS TRAILING US?

IT'S HARD TO SAY, SIR... I'LL DRIVE ZIG-ZAG IN SIDE STREETS.. WE'LL SOON KNOW!!





THE TAXI LURCHES AS A WHEEL STRIKES A LARGE STONE..



STOP, DRIVER!! STOP THE CAB QUICKLY!!

SURE... SURE BUT WHY..?



WHEN YOU HIT THAT BUMP MY FALSE TEETH POPPED OUT.. HEH, HEH.. FUNNY... BUT... AH.. HERE THEY ARE!!

GLAD YOU FOUND 'EM, SIR!!



THE PURSUING CAR PULLS UP ALONGSIDE...

UNSEEN BY ANYONE ELSE, THE PASS- ENGER VICTIM SLIPS SOMETHING INTO HACK O'HARA'S POCKET AS HE EMERGES

LOOK OUT, CABBIE! YOU INSIDE.. GET OUT! WITH YER HANDS UP!

SAY.. WHO'RE YOU GUYS ???



C'MON, ALEXIS.. YOU KNOW WHAT WE'RE AFTER !!

HEY! YOU GUYS CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!!



YOU HOODLUMS WON'T CHEAT ME OUTA A GOOD FARE LIKE THIS... PUT THAT GUN AWAY PUNK !!



SO! WE GOTTA SOFTEN YA UP A LITTLE, EH, CABBIE?



HACK SPINS TO THE GROUND, AND

HERE! YOU'LL GET A KICK OUT OF THIS PAL!!





BUT A THUG WORKS AROUND BEHIND  
HACK, AND.....

STICK T'YER STEERN' WHEEL  
AFTER THIS, MUSHHEAD!!!

HEY LOOK!!!  
TH' OLD  
GUY IS  
GETTIN'  
AWAY!!

I'LL  
BEAT THEM  
YET!!

LET'S SEE HOW  
FAST HELL RUN  
WITH A BULLET  
THROUGH HIS  
TICKER!!

YEAH..  
WE CAN'T LET  
'IM ESCAPE!!

UGH.. I'M.. I'M..  
THEY.. GOT... ME  
I'M....

\*HEH!  
HEH!!

THEN.. THE THUGS BEND OVER THE  
SLAIN MAN... HIS FALSE TEETH  
ARE REMOVED...

THIS IS WHERE HE HID 'EM! OUR  
MAN ON THE BOAT SAID SO..

LATER.. THE POLICE ARRIVE..

IT'S PLAIN T'SEE WHAT TOOK  
PLACE... THE DRIVER TRIED TO  
ROB THIS MAN.. THEY FOUGHT..  
THIS'LL GO AWFUL TOUGH  
WITH HACK  
O'HARA...

I SURE..  
O'HARA MUST'VE  
BEEN SCARED  
AND RAN  
AWAY!!

NEXT MORNING... A DINGY SLUM  
CELLAR HOLDS HACK...

OH! WHAT A SOCK I  
GOT! THEY MUST'VE  
DRAGGED ME  
IN HERE....

BOY, IT'S GOOD T'SEE SUNLIGHT...  
I WONDER.... WHAT'S  
THAT??

WUXTRY! READ ALL ABOUT  
THE TAXI MURDER! READ IT!  
WUXTRY!!!

TAXI  
MURDER  
???



AS HACK EYES THE HEADLINES...



WHEW! WHAT A SPOT I'M IN!  
 W.. WHAT'S THIS I FEEL  
 HERE IN MY POCKET!  
 HMM.....



FALSE TEETH!! AND THIS  
 PHONEY PLATE HIDES REAL  
 DIAMONDS IN EVERY TOOTH!  
 THEY KILLED OLD ALEXIS  
 FOR THIS STUFF!



BETTER KEEP OUT OF  
 SIGHT TILL I FIGURE THIS  
 THING OUT... EVERY COP IN THE  
 CITY IS AFTER ME.. ALEXIS  
 WAS A DIAMOND  
 MERCHANT!!



THOSE CROOKS KNEW HE  
 CARRIED THE STONES IN HIS TEETH,  
 BUT HE HAD TWO SETS OF TEETH.  
 ..HE SLIPPED ME THE GOOD ONES  
 BEFORE HE WAS KILLED....  
 I'VE GOT AN  
 IDEA!!



THAT NIGHT, AT  
 THE THUGS' HIDEOUT....

HEY GUYS! LISSEN TO THIS, IN  
 THE "PERSONAL" COLUMN...  
 IF YOU WANT THE REAL  
 SET OF TEETH BE AT ST.  
 MARTIN'S CEMETERY TONIGHT  
 AT MIDNIGHT...

OLAY...  
 THAT'S  
 US!



AT TEN MINUTES  
 BEFORE THE  
 APPOINTED TIME, HACK OHARA  
 AND A POLICEMAN ENTER  
 THE CEMETERY...



HERE THEY COME NOW, MCCARTHY..  
 DUCK DOWN BEHIND THAT TOMB-  
 STONE AND LEAVE THE REST  
 TO ME....

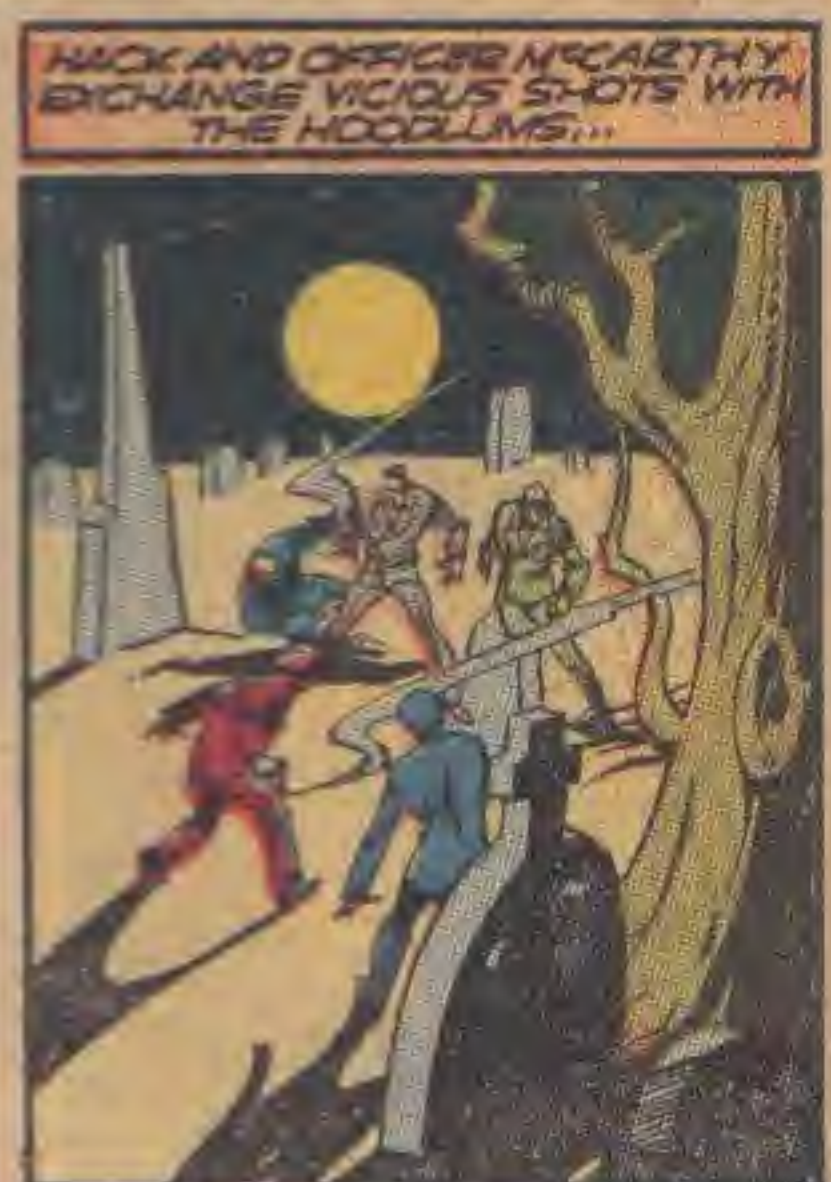


MAYBE THIS IS  
 A BUM STEER,  
 LEFTY.. WHY  
 SHOULD THIS  
 CABBIE WANTA  
 TURN OVER TH'  
 STONES LIKE  
 THIS?

MAYBE  
 HE KNOWS  
 HE CAN'T  
 GET RID OF  
 'EM HIMSELF.  
 ..AND  
 WE CAN!!









**B**RIAN O'BRIEN, WEALTHY PLAYBOY, PLAYS THE DUAL ROLE OF THE CLOCK-HOLDING HIGH FROM THE EVIL CLUTCHES OF CRIME, THE IDEALS OF JUSTICE

HAVING TRAILED THE DOPE SMUGGLING MOB OF "COKEY" COEN TO THEIR WATERFRONT HIDE-OUT, THE CLOCK IS BUSILY ENGAGED IN A ONE SIDED BATTLE ---

# The CLOCK



ONE OF THE GANG, BADLY BEATEN BUT NOT LICKED-- STILL HAS HOPES OF WIPING OUT THE GALLANT FIGURE---



IN A WEAK HOARSE VOICE HE CALLS OUT A NAME ---



A FRIGHTENED, SNIVELING WEAKLING COMES FROM BEHIND AN OLD PACKING CASE--



NO, YA YELLA RAT-- BUT I GOT A PLAN TA KILL HIM--ALL YOU DO IS KEEP YER GUN HANDY AN' DO AS I TELL YA--NOW GIT BACK IN YER HOLE--









MINUTES LATER, THE RIDDLED  
BODY OF THE CLOCK STIRS---



CAN'T-BE--  
FOUND-MUST--  
KEEP-IDENTITY--  
S-SECRET---



BLINDED BY PAIN HE  
STAGGERS DOWN THE STEPS  
OF A DESERTED SHACK----



HEY!-WHAT'S  
THE IDEA O' BUSTIN'  
IN ON A LADY  
WHEN SHE'S  
DRESSIN'!?



OHhhh--THE POOR  
MAN, HE--HE'S HURT--  
I MUST GET  
HIM ON THE  
BED----



THERE-- NOW I  
MUST FIX HIS  
WOUNDS--



THE DAYS TURN INTO MONTHS---PRAYER AND SKILLFUL,  
CHILDISH CARE NURSES THE CLOCK BACK FROM THE BRINK  
OF THE GREAT BEYOND----

PLEASE DON'T  
LET THIS MAN  
DIE--EVEN IF  
HE IS A  
GANGSTER--  
PLEASE---



HERE, DRINK THIS  
MILK-IT WILL MAKE  
YOU STRONG--



WHAT'S YOUR NAME  
LITTLE GIRL-I  
OWE MY  
LIFE TO  
YOU--



EVERY-  
BODY CALLS  
ME BUTCH--  
AND I DID AS  
MUCH FOR  
A DOG  
ONCE--





THEN ONE DAY THE CLOCK IS  
WELL ENOUGH TO LEAVE ---







I-I'LL TAKE  
LEGAL STEPS  
TO ADOPT  
YOU--

NIX ON TH' RED  
TAPE, TALL DARK  
AN' HAN'SOME--  
I'LL STICK SO  
CLOSE TO YOU  
THEY'LL THINK  
I'M PART OF  
YOU--



GULP--OKAY, OKAY--  
BUT BEFORE WE GO I HAVE  
A LITTLE JOB TO DO--YOU  
WAIT HERE TILL I  
GET BACK--

OVER MY  
DEAD BODY  
YOU'LL LEAVE  
WITHOUT ME--



WHEW!!

AN' AS FOR  
THAT JOB YOU  
GOT TO DO-- I  
CAN MAKE IT EASY  
FOR YA--



JUST WHAT  
DO YOU  
MEAN??

ALL THE TIME  
YOU WAS SICK AN'  
DELERIOUS YOU  
WAS REPEATIN'  
COKEY COEN-  
COKEY COEN--



SO WHILE I WAS  
PEDDLIN' M' PAPERS, I  
JUST PUSHED M'  
HAIR BACK O' MY  
EARS AN' KEPT  
'EM OPEN---



AN' FROM WHAT  
I FOUND OUT, I  
KNOW JUST WHERE  
TO DUT MY FINGER  
ON TH' BIRDS  
WHO LEFT YA  
FOR DEAD--



OKAY, YOUNG LADY--  
LEAD THE WAY--- BUT  
YOU'VE GOT TO PROMISE  
TO STAY OUTSIDE--

I'LL PROMISE--  
FOR A PAIR OF  
HIGH HEELS--



HIGH HEELS!-- YOU  
LITTLE IMP-- WHAT DO  
YOU WANT HIGH  
HEELS FOR??

WELL--



WE'D LOOK BETTER--  
I'D BE TALLER---  
WHEN WE START  
HITTIN' TH' HOT  
SPOTS AN'  
NIGHT  
LIFE--

ULP!!







MEANWHILE BUTCH MAKES HER WAY IN THROUGH A REAR WINDOW----



Don't miss the next thrilling installment of The Clock in the March issue of CRACK COMICS.



# JANE ARDEN

JANE HAS A GUN ON THE THIEF OF THE BOMB SIGHT. SUDDENLY THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

I'LL OPEN THE DOOR. DON'T WORRY I WON'T TRY ANYTHING

THE PLANE'S READY, GETTOR! HURRY!!

GOOD!

EVERYTHING'S GOING FINE!! COME IN!!

CRASH!

NICE WORK VELK!!

HERE'S HER GUN!!

SMART GIRL, BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH!

TALK FAST!! WHO DO YOU WORK FOR? HOW DID YOU TRACE ME?

I'M A GOVERNMENT AGENT!

THERE WERE NO BLOODSTAINS WHERE GLADE WAS FOUND, BUT THERE WAS IN THIS ROOM!!

LOCK HER UP IN THIS CLOSET, AND LET'S SCRAM!!

O.K., CHIEF!

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS-

SECRET AGENTS ARE WATCHING THIS ROOM!

TRAPPED!

WHAT WILL YOU DO FOR A LIVING IF YOU MOVE HERE TO SPARROW GULCH, DANDY JIM?

ME? OH, I'M AHM A RETIRED CAPITALIST!!!

MY LAND.. DON'T YOU HAVE TO WORK AT ALL??

WELL-AHEM- A STORE WOULD BE REFINED, BUT YOU'VE ALREADY GOT A STORE!

WE WOULDN'T WANT TWO!

HOWDY DANDY JIM.. HOW'S BIZNESS IN TH' CITY?

HE'S NOT IN BUI-NESS NOW

THAT'S RIGHT.. I'M RETIRED

WAL, WHUT HAPPENED TO YORE LIVERY STABLE?

THAT'S-AHEM- LIQUIDATED..

TSK.. I ALLUS HEERD LICKER AN' BIZNESS DON'T MIX!!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND HE MEANS HE WENT OUT OF BUSINESS!

WHY DIDN'T HE SAY SO.. FOLK'S WILL BE RIDIN' GAS BUGGIES AFORE LONG

PEOPLE BEEN RIDIN' IN CARS FOR YEARS..

THAT'S WHY I'M LIQUIDATED!

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE FOR MEN



# JANE ARDEN

by Morris Hartnett and Russell E. ...

THE PERRY BOMB SIGHT IN OUR HANDS AT LAST, AND WE'RE TRAPPED LIKE RATS!!

THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT!!

THERE IS!!

YOU OFFERED ME \$100,000 TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE DOES IT STILL STAND?

YES, IF YOU CAN DO IT!!

IS THIS A TRICK?

SUPPOSE I WALK PAST THOSE AGENTS WITH YOU??

IT'S WORTH A TRY CHIEF!

ANYTHING'S WORTH A TRY, NOW— BUT HOW DO WE KNOW YOU WON'T DOUBLE-CROSS US?

GIVE ME THE MONEY! IF YOU'RE CAUGHT YOU CAN EXPOSE ME!!

DO YOU THINK I'D WANT TO LOSE ALL THAT DOUGH?!

HERE'S THE MONEY, IF WE'RE CAUGHT WE'LL SETTLE WITH YOU FIRST

DON'T WORRY, I'LL GET YOU THROUGH!!

IN THE HOTEL LOBBY STANDS A MAN JANE HAS NEVER SEEN BEFORE

HO-HUM GUESS I'LL GO EAT!!

THERE'S NO ONE WATCHING BUT THEY DON'T KNOW THAT!!

IT'S O.K., BILL.. THESE MEN ARE WITH ME!!

WHY— YES— SURE— I SEE— (GULP) THEY'RE WITH YOU ALL RIGHT—

WHO WAS THAT? WHAT WAS SHE TALKING ABOUT?

YUM-YUM- PLRTY TASTY- I ALLUS DID LIKE DILL PICKLES!

WHY LH- HELP YER-SELF, DANDY JIM!!

YE ORTER KEEP THE CAT OUTTA THE CRACKER BARREL

IT KEEPS THE MICE OUT!

THIS CHEESE SHORE IS GOOD!!

IT'S TWENTY CENTS A POUND!!

OH, I DON'T WANT A WHOLE POUND!!

WELL— S'LONG, HONEY!

G-G'BYE!!

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER HE LOVES ME OR IF HE'S HUNGRY!

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



by Minnie Kacera and Russell W.

THIS  
IS WHERE  
WE PART!

WATCH OUT  
THEY'RE  
ARMED.

I'LL  
KEEP YOU  
IN SIGHT  
UNTIL -

HELP  
POLICE

WHY  
YOU-

WATCH OUT  
THEY'RE  
ARMED

THIS IS RIDICULOUS -  
YOU'LL LOSE YOUR JOB

OH,  
YEAH

TAKE US  
TO THE FEDERAL  
BUILDING OFFICE

YOU CAN'T BELIEVE  
HER. SHE HAS \$100,000  
OF MY MONEY IN  
HER POCKET!

THAT'S RIGHT.  
I LED HIM ON  
IN ORDER TO  
TRAP HIS  
ACCOMPLICE  
TOO!!

WHEN I PRETENDED  
TO LEAD THEM TO  
SAFETY, I LED THEM  
TO A POLICEMAN!

AND YOU RECOVERED THE BOMB SIGHT! HOW'D YOU DO IT?

GLADE'S BODY WAS FOUND ON A BLOOD SOAKED RUG... THERE WAS NO BLOOD ON THE FLOOR BENEATH IT.. SO HE WAS MURDERED ELSEWHERE!

WHEN I FOUND  
THE BLOOD STAIN,  
I FOUND THE BOMB  
SIGHT AND THE MURDERER

LENA, I GOT SOM' THIN'  
ON MY MIND..  
M.M.M. FINE  
APPLES!!

I  
S'POSE  
IT'S  
APPLE'S  
YE WANT TO  
TELL ME ABOUT

SHUCKS NO  
T'AIN'T APPLES  
ON MY MIND..  
WHAR'S TH'  
SALT—I LIKE  
'EM SALTED  
H

YOU  
KNOW  
WHERE IT  
IS.. GET IT  
YOURSELF!

I BEEN  
THINKIN'  
LENA, YORE  
A LONE  
HENHUSSY..

HE'S  
GOING TO  
PROPOSE!

YOU NEED A  
MAN TO ADVISE  
YE -

HERE  
IT COMES,  
WHAT'LL I  
SAY?

YEP..I BEEN  
AIMING T'TELL  
YOU TO STOCK  
UP ON FLY-NETS.  
MULES'LL BE  
NEEDIN' 'EM!

**SAXES  
ALIVE!**

1



## by Monte Garretti and Russell E. Ross





# MOLLY the MODEL

I'M GOING FISHING, MOLLY—  
DON'T BUY ANYTHING  
FOR SUPPER

O.K. POP—  
TELL THE  
MAN AT THE  
STORE TO  
CLEAN 'EM



YOU'LL BE VERY CAREFUL OF  
THIS BOAT, MALONEY—IT  
ISN'T INSURED, YOU  
KNOW!

THE BOAT'LL BE AS  
SAFE WITH ME AS  
A DIME DEPOSITED  
IN THE BANK  
OF SCOTLAND,  
MURPHY

SAY, MALONEY—  
WHERE'S YOUR  
ROD?

OH I BROUGHT  
A **ROD** ALL  
RIGHT— BUT  
NOT THE KIND  
**YOU**  
THINK!



HERE— TAKE  
THIS—I'LL  
USE THE  
RIFLE— IF  
NECESSARY!

DO YOU  
INTEND TO  
**SHOOT**  
THE FISH?

OF COURSE NOT—  
DON'T YOU KNOW  
THESE WATERS  
ARE FULL OF  
SUBMARINES?  
AXIS  
SUBMARINES!

WHAT'S  
THAT  
BUOY  
OVER  
THERE?

**DANGER  
FLEET  
AT  
TARGET  
PRACTICE**



JUST A  
CHANNEL  
MARKER—  
LET'S TIE  
UP TO THIS  
FLOAT AND  
FISH



WHAT'S  
THAT—  
TARPON?

TARPON—MY EYE!  
**SUBMARINES!**  
OUT WITH YOUR  
PISTOL, MAN—  
LET 'EM HAVE IT!

LET WHO  
HAVE  
WHAT?



**L  
A  
T  
E  
R**



...AND MURPHY—WHILE WE'RE A BIT SHY THE  
REST OF YOUR BOAT— IF YOU'LL LEND US  
ANOTHER LAUNCH— WE KNOW  
**JUST WHERE TO LOOK  
FOR IT!**



# MOLLY the MODEL



NOT EXACTLY-BUT HE'S SUPPOSED TO PACK SOME KIND OF A COSMIC PUNCH!



I BETTER BE PLENTY CAREFUL!







VASTIPOLE SQUARE IS DESERTED... IT IS MIDNIGHT... THE MOON CASTS WEIRD SHADOWS THROUGH THE CLOUDS...

SUDDENLY A SEARCH-LIGHT STABS THE BLACK, AND A FIGURE IS SPOTTED BY ALERT SOLDIERS...

THE LITHE FIGURE DIVES FOR THE SHADOWS AS MACHINE GUNS ECHO THRU THE SQUARE...

"SOMEONE MUST HAVE INFORMED ON ME... I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE SECRET MEETING PLACE!!"

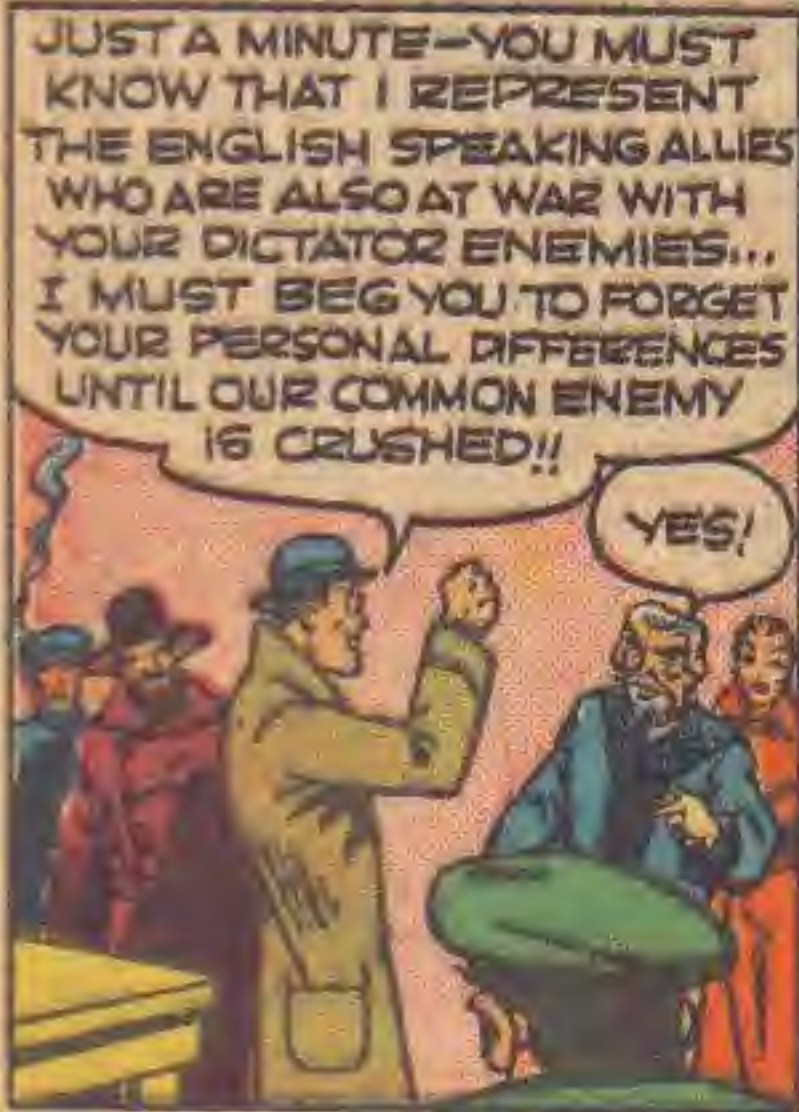
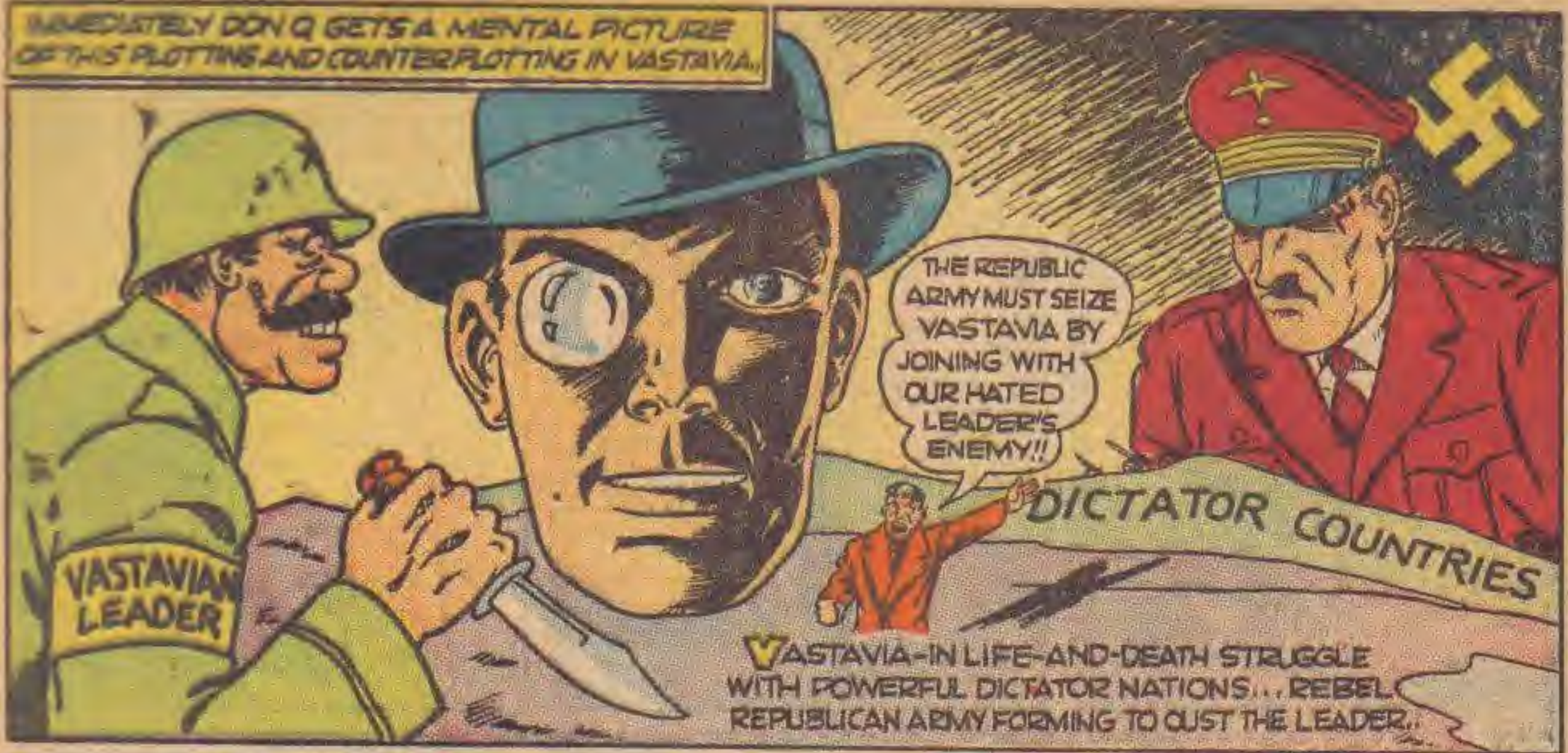








IMMEDIATELY DON Q GETS A MENTAL PICTURE OF THIS PLOTTING AND COUNTERPLOTTING IN VASTAVIA.





THE SOUND OF RUNNING FEET  
DIES AWAY AND IN THE STILLNESS  
PETROFF RISES TO HIS FEET BADLY  
WOUNDED.



MEANWHILE...JUST OUTSIDE VASTIROLE, DON Q'S  
FAITHFUL VALET, LITTLE PIERRE, IS WAITING



BUT VASTAVIAN SECRET POLICE  
SPOT PIERRE AND PETROFF..



FIGHTING AGAINST OVERWHELMING  
ODDS LITTLE PIERRE IS FINALLY OVER-  
POWERED..



AT THE LEADER'S HEADQUARTERS..







SILENCE!  
DO YOU KNOW  
THIS HULK?

HE IS MY  
ASSISTANT, YOUR  
EXCELLENCY!



MY EXALTED LEADER,  
THIS MAN JUST AIDED  
YOUR ENEMY, PETROFF,  
ESCAPE OUR PATROL..  
HE IS UNQUESTIONABLY  
A MEMBER OF THE  
REBEL PARTY!



THEN MY  
FATHER  
ISN'T  
DEAD!!

SHH! IF YOUR  
FATHER WAS IN  
POWER HE WOULD  
CONTINUE THE WAR ON  
THE SIDE OF THE  
ALLIES AND THIS  
TROUBLE WOULD  
BE ENDED!!



LEADER OF VASTAVIA!  
SINCE IT IS IMPORTANT TO  
OUR CAUSE THAT THIS REVOL-  
UTION IS CRUSHED, I WILL  
TELL YOU WHERE THE LEADERS  
OF THE REBEL ARMY WILL  
BE TONIGHT!!



TELL ME WHERE...  
I WILL PERSONALLY  
LEAD A COUP TO WIPE  
THEM ALL OUT!!



TONIGHT AT MID-  
NIGHT THE REBELS  
ARE PLANNING TO  
SEIZE THE VASTIPOLE  
ARSENAL!!



LATER  
HE FELL  
FOR IT! QUICK,  
PIERRE, GET IN TOUCH  
WITH PETROFF-TELL  
HIM TO BE READY  
TO TAKE OVER!

I DO  
ZAT!!



WHERE  
IS  
MY  
FATHER  
?

HE EES  
AT ZE  
DOCTOR'S  
.. I WEEL  
TAKE YOU  
TO HEEM

..AND TELL  
HIM TO LAY  
LOW TILL AFTER  
THE SHOOTING!  
I HAVE ONE  
IMPORTANT  
THING TO DO  
!!



AT SUNDOWN DON Q IS PLAN-  
NING A BOLD STROKE WITH THE  
FATE OF THE ALLIES AT STAKE

COMRADE!! I  
HAVE STARTLING  
NEWS..TELL YOUR  
LEADERS THAT  
THE VASTAVIAN  
DICTATOR IS  
HOLDING A MEET-  
ING IN THE VAST-  
IPOLE ARSENAL  
AT MIDNIGHT!

OUR  
HOUR  
HAS  
COME!



AND AT MIDNIGHT-DON Q'S TRAP  
IS WORKING...

LOOK, DON,  
EET IS ZE  
REBEL LEADERS  
APPROACHING  
ZE ARSENAL!



**INSIDE THE ARSENAL**



WHAT IS THIS?  
THE PLACE IS  
EMPTY... THERE  
IS NO MEETING  
HERE!!

WAIT!!  
WE ARE  
TOO EARLY  
THEY ARE  
ONLY COMING  
!!

**AS THE VASTAVIAN DICTATOR  
NEARS THE REBEL-FILLED ARSENAL**



LOOK!  
I SEE  
RIFLES  
GLINTING  
AT THE  
WINDOWS!?

THEN THEY ARE  
WAITING FOR US...  
SO DON Q THOUGHT  
I WOULD WALK INTO  
A TRAP!! I  
WILL FIX THEM  
HA-HA-HA!!



SOMETHING'S WRONG,  
PIERRE, BY NOW THEY  
SHOULD BE WALKING  
INTO EACH OTHER--  
BLASTING EACH OTHER  
TO BITS...

LOOK!  
A  
PLANE  
IS  
COMING  
!!



IT'S CIRCLING  
OVER THE ARSENAL  
...GREAT GUNS! IF  
THEY DROP A BOMB  
MY PLANS ARE  
RUINED!!!!



HERE IT  
COMES--  
GET  
DOWN!!

**BLAM**



IT MISSED  
--BUT THIS  
BETTER  
NOT!!

**THE BOMBING PLANE FALLS WITH  
A BULLET THROUGH THE PILOT...**



**AND THE REBELS RUSH FROM THE  
ARSENAL TO MEET THE BLAZING  
GUNS OF THE DICTATOR...**



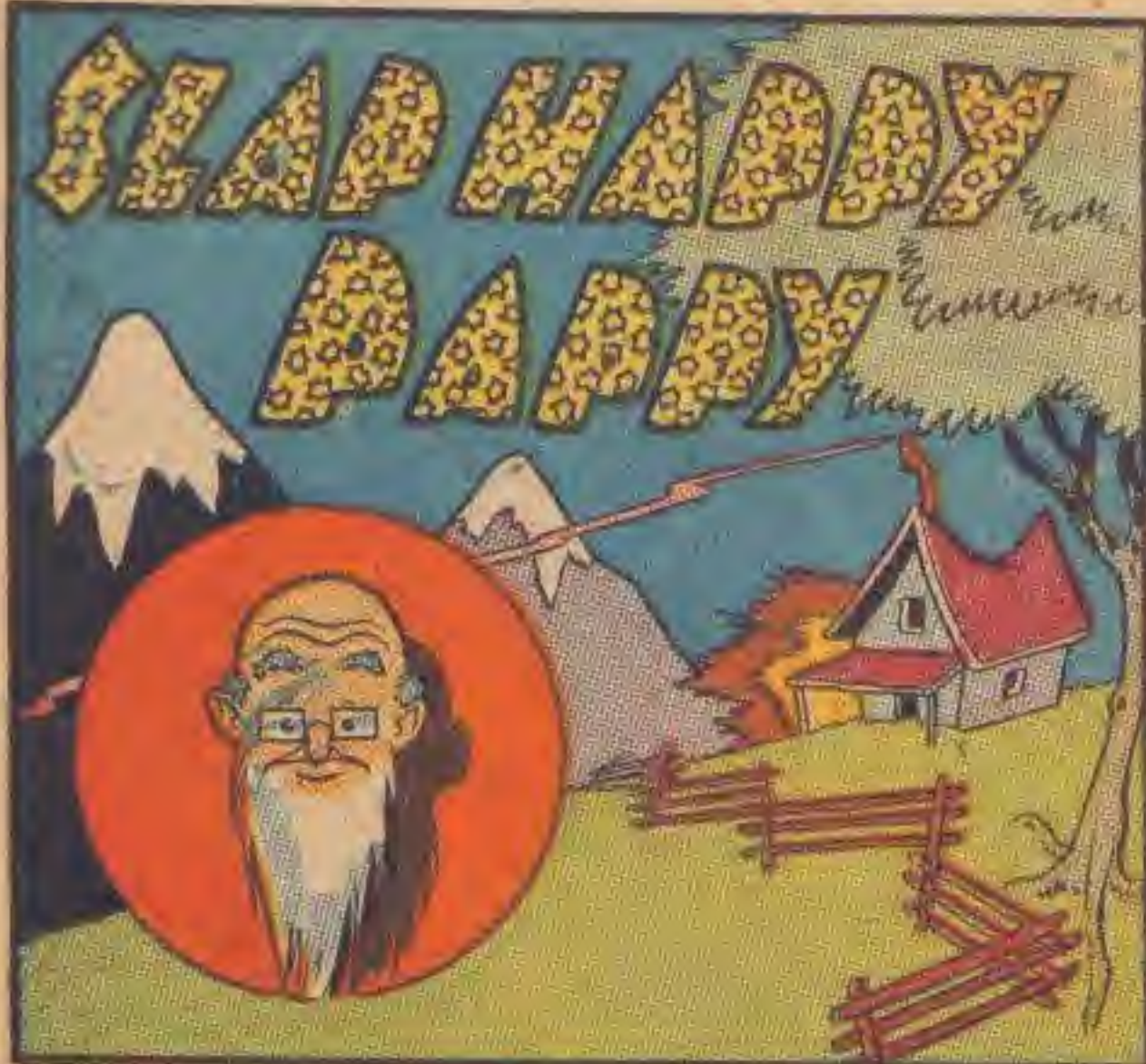
OH!!

**THE NEXT DAY ALL VASTAVIA HAILS  
PETROFF, THEIR NEW BELOVED LEADER**



I OWE MY  
SUCCESS TO  
ONLY ONE MAN,  
MY GOOD PEOPLE,  
DON Q !!







# ★ TOR ★

## THE MAGIC MASTER



JIM SLADE, THE ROVING PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER SECRETLY BECOMES TOR THE MAGIC MASTER WHEN HE DONS HIS MOUSTACHE AND MAGICIAN'S OUTFIT... ON A TOUR OF LONDON TO GET PHOTOGRAPHS FOR HIS PAPER, JIM SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF IN THE THICK OF A NAZI NIGHT RAID ON THE WAR-TORN ENGLISH CITY.

IN THE SHELTER OF A RUINED HOUSE JIM QUICKLY PUTS ON HIS MOUSTACHE...



AND BECOMES TOR THE MAGIC MASTER!





TOR STEPS DOWN INTO THE SHELTER.

BY JOVE-TOR THE  
MAGIC MASTER!

SHOW US SOME  
FEATS OF LEGER-  
DEMAIN, SIR!



BUT OUTSIDE A TERRIFIC SHRIEK SOUNDS  
AS A BOMB HURTLES TOWARD THE  
BUILDING!

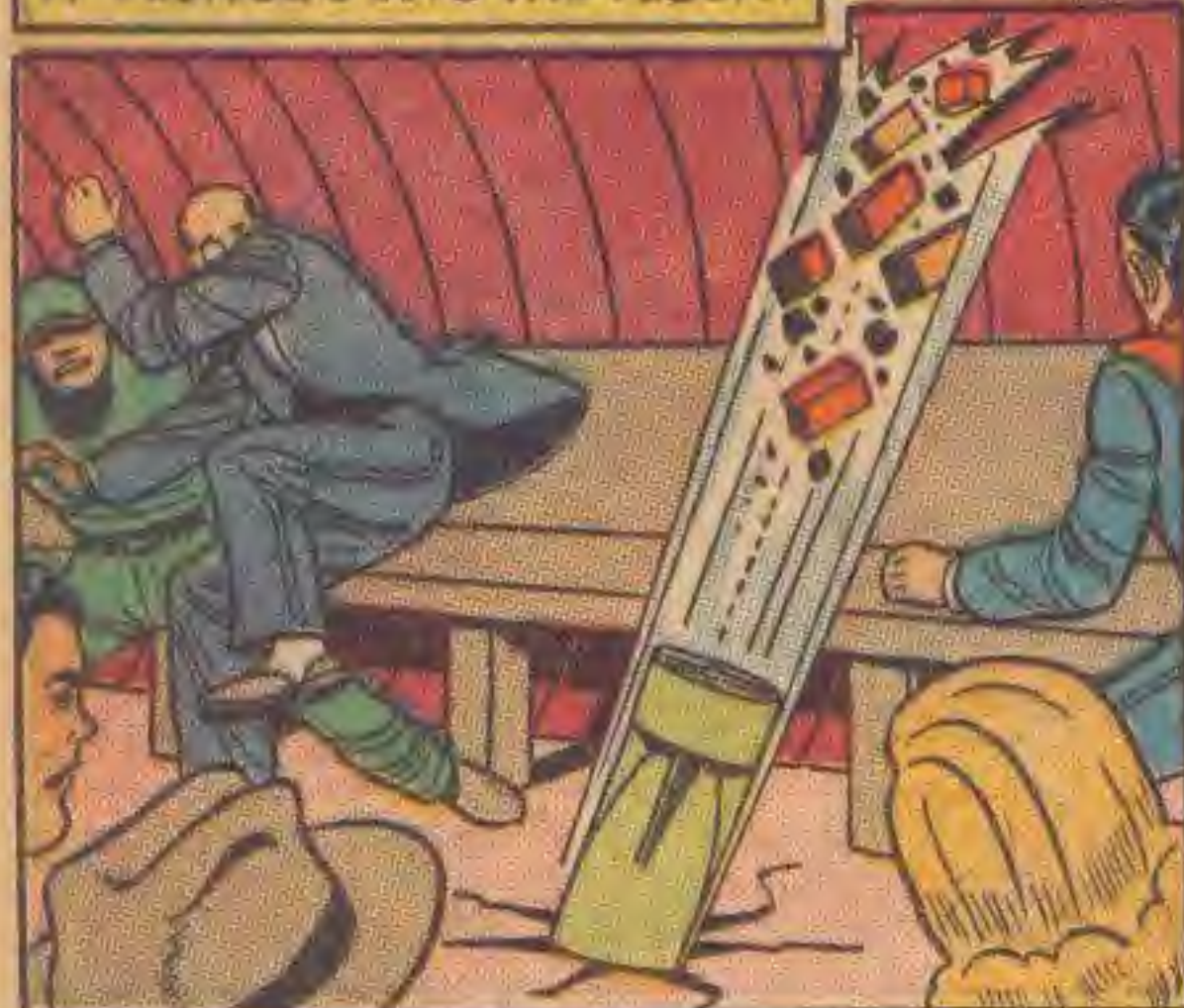
HANG ON - A BIG  
ONE'S COMING!



DOWN THROUGH  
THE DEATH-RIDDEN  
SKIES THE HUGE  
BOMB HURTLES ON  
ITS ERRAND OF  
DESTRUCTION..



AND CRASHING THROUGH THE SHELTER'S ROOF  
IT PLUNGES INTO THE FLOOR!



A DELAYED ACTION  
BOMB! GET OUT  
OF HERE!



HALT-STAY HERE-  
BMOB EMOCEB  
A TEUQNAB!



BEFORE THE ASTONISHED EYES OF  
THE PEOPLE THE BOMB BECOMES A  
BANQUET!

FOOD!

CHEESE!

WONDER-  
FUL!



HAVE A GOOD MEAL,  
MY FRIENDS! I'M  
GOING OUT AND SEE  
THE SHOW!



ONCE AGAIN OUT IN THE STREET  
TOR SNAPS PICTURES OF THE RUINS.

WHAT A SIGHT-BUT THIS  
IS ENOUGH CARNAGE FOR  
ONE NIGHT!





I'M TIRED OF THIS  
SENSELESS BOMBING-  
BOMB, KCHIP EM  
PU!

AT THE MAGICIAN'S COMMAND A  
LARGE FALLING BOMB SWERVES AND  
HALTS IN FRONT OF TOR!

HERE  
I AM,  
BOSS!

UP INTO THE SKIES,  
MY METAL STEED!  
AND WE'LL HAVE  
SOME FUN!

IMMEDIATELY THE BOMB  
SPEEDS BACK INTO THE  
AIR LIKE A SKYROCKET!

FAR UP IN THE SKY TOR SEES A LONE  
SPITFIRE FIGHTING AGAINST A HOST  
OF MESSERSCHMITTS.

STRAIGHT AT THE NAZI  
PLANES THE MAGICIAN  
STEERS HIS BOMB!

WE'LL HAVE TO  
HELP THAT  
BRAVE CHAP!

I'LL HANG ON THE  
FINS WHILE THIS  
BOMB GOES TO WORK!

LEAVING A TRAIL OF CRASHING AND WRECKED PLANES IN HIS WAKE THE ZOOMING AND TWISTING  
TOR BREAKS UP THE ENEMY FIGHTER FORMATION!

HIMMEL!

A  
COMET!



**SUDDENLY A STREAM OF BULLETS WHIZZES PAST THE FLYING MAGICIAN!**



**PHEW! NEARLY NICKED ME THAT TIME!**

**NEARBY A HUGE BOMBER LUMBERS BY-ITS GUNNERS SHOOTING AT TOR!**



**INSIDE THE BOMBER'S GUN BLISTER**



**I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT IF I DIDN'T MINE OWN EYES SEE IT MITT!**

**HIMMEL! HE'S GOING TO RAM US-I CAN SEE HIM NOW-IT'S TOR THE MAGICIAN!**



**ZOOMING DOWNWARD TOR DIVES AT THE PLANE!**



**RIGHT THROUGH THE WING! THAT'S THE END OF THEM!**



**QUICKLY THE CREW PARACHUTES TO EARTH AND CAPTIVITY AS THE MACHINE PLUNGES TO ITS DOOM.**



**CRASHING INTO A FIELD THE BOMBER'S CARGO OF EXPLOSIVES BLOWS THE PLANE TO BITS!**





THE REST OF THE LUFTWAFFE,  
BAFFLED BY THEIR LOSSES, TURN  
ABOUT AND RACE FOR THE RHINE.



GUESS I CAN RETURN  
TO EARTH NOW-  
DNAL EMNO A  
KCAT SYAH!



THE OBEDIANT BOMB QUICKLY  
DEPOSITS TOR ON A HAYSTACK!



NOW I'LL REWARD YOU-  
EGNAHC OT A  
TIBBAR!



AND THE BOMB BECOMES A  
RABBIT AS TOR GESTURES!



IN A FEW MINUTES TOR CHANG-  
ING BACK TO JIM SLADE, RE-  
SUMES HIS WORK!



THIS  
PRETTY ENGLISH COUNTRY-  
SIDE WILL OFFSET THE  
PHOTOS OF  
DESTRUCTION!

LATER - FLYING BY CLIPPER TO THE UNITED  
STATES JIM READS OF HIS SECRET EXPLOITS.



WELL - I DID  
SOME GOOD,  
ANYWAY!

- THE LONDON TIMES-  
CAPTURED NAZI AIR-  
MEN SAY THEY WERE  
KNOCKED DOWN BY  
THE MAGICIAN FIGHT  
WITH THE R.A.F. STG  
VERIFIED BY SPIT  
PILOT

IN THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE JIM HANDS THE  
PHOTOGRAPHS TO HIS EDITOR.



HERE YOU ARE, CHIEF!  
FIRST HAND SHOTS OF  
THE LATEST LONDON AIR-  
RAID. HOPE YOU NEVER  
HAVE TO GO THROUGH  
ONE!

WELCOME  
BACK, JIM - TOO BAD  
YOU COULDN'T HAVE  
FLOWN ABOUT A BIT  
AND SNAPPED SOME  
PICTURES OF TOR IN  
ACTION!



# RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

LITTLE BUTCH

**ALICE VON PEPP** LOVED THE FUN AND THE LIGHTS, SO SHE MARRIED A FELLOW WHO RAN AROUND NIGHTS..

WHILE A FIRESIDE LASSIE NAMED BERTHA DE FOAM FELL IN LOVE WITH A FELLOW WHO LIKED TO STAY HOME..

NOW ALICE, ALAS, NO EXCITEMENT CAN FIND.. WHEN HER HUSBAND GOES STEPPING HE LEAVES HER BEHIND..

WHILE ALSO, POOR BERTHA FINDS MUCH TO PROVOKE HER.. HER HUSBAND EACH NIGHT BRINGS HIS FRIENDS TO PLAY POKER..

**BRAD AND DAD**

DAD, I'M BROKE AGAIN.. AND I OWE TWO BUCKS DOWN AT THE DRUG STORE..

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, SON?

WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM, A MILLIONAIRE? YOU'LL NOT GET ONE PENNY OVER YOUR ALLOWANCE!

I'M SORRY!

NOT ONE PENNY DO YOU HEAR ME?

YES, DAD..

AND BRADSHAW.. IT'S TIME YOU PUT YOUR HEAVY WINTER OVERCOAT AWAY IN MOTH BALLS!

GEE, I GUESS I'M AN AWFUL NUISANCE..

OH, DAD.. I FOUND TWO DOLLARS I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD!

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANOTHER WORD OUT OF YOU. GOOD-BYE!

I WONDER IF BRADSHAW KNOWS I PUT THAT MONEY IN HIS OVER-COAT POCKET..

I WONDER IF DAD KNOWS I KNOW HE PUT THAT MONEY IN MY OVER-COAT POCKET!

**MONTHLY WYVENON**

INSTANTANEOUS LIPSTICK REMOVER FOR ENGAGED COUPLES..

**A** MIDGET POET SEES COUPLE KISSING. SHAKES HIS FOUNTAIN PEN TO WRITE LOVE POEM..

**B** INK FALLS ON SLEEPING CAT, MAKING IT LOOK LIKE LEOPARD..

**C** GIRLS KID BROTHER GETS FRIGHTENED AND RUNS ON TREADMILL..

**D** TREADMILL MOVES ROCKER ARM..

**E** HAND WORKS SPRAYGUN, SHOOTING PAINT-REMOVER OVER COUPLE, ELIMINATING LIPSTICK SO THEY CAN GO ON KISSING WITHOUT GETTING MESSED UP!



MADAM

# FATAL

ART  
Dineen



IN THE FACE OF UNSEEN DANGERS, SCRAPPY NELSON AND TUBBY WHITE HAVE ALIGNED THEMSELVES WITH THE OLD LADY KNOWN AS MADAM FATAL TO FIGHT CRIME.... LITTLE DO THEY SUSPECT THAT "SHE" IS NONE OTHER THAN THEIR OLD FRIEND, RICHARD STANTON, FORMER ACTOR....



WINTREE!  
READ ALL ABOUT  
IT! DEFENSE PLANS  
STOLEN - F.B.I.  
SCOUR CITY.....



IN AN OLD TENEMENT...

SPEAK UP!  
DID  
YOU FIND  
TH' BASKET?

N-NO  
BOSS!

CHEE,  
AND  
WE  
LOOKED  
ALL  
OVER TH'  
LOT, TOO!



FOOLS! IT MUST BE  
THERE - I  
THREW IT THERE MYSELF -  
GET BACK THERE AND  
FIND IT - THAT BASKET'S  
WORTH ONE MILLION  
DOLLARS!



AND IN THE VACANT LOT...



THAT LOOKS  
SWELL  
TUBBY—  
OH-OH...  
THERE  
GOES THE  
PHONE!!

SURE-FIRE  
DETECTIVE  
AGENCY



HELLO MADAM...WHAT?  
YOU SAY YOU'VE  
GOT A CASE FOR  
US...SORRY!  
THIS IS OUR  
LUNCH HOUR...  
CALL US UP  
LATER!  
G'BYE—

LOOK!  
HERE  
COMES  
MR.  
STANTON!



HELLO BOYS!  
SO THE SURE-FIRE  
AGENCY IS OPEN  
FOR BUSINESS,  
EH? HERE'S  
LUCK!

THANKS,  
MR.  
STANTON—  
LOOK  
WHAT WE  
FOUND!



IT BELONGS  
TO OL'  
POP  
HUDSON—  
WE'VE  
SEEN  
HIM  
CARRYIN'  
IT LOTS  
O' TIMES!

FULL OF JUNK—  
HMM... THE  
BOTTOM IS  
UNUSUALLY THICK  
AND HEAVY....  
**HEY!**



WELL I'LL BE—  
HE JUST  
UP AND  
WALKED  
AWAY—  
WHAT  
BIT 'IM?

WHO KNOWS?  
SAY-WE OUGHTA  
SHOW IT TO MADAM  
FATAL— SHE  
KNOWS WHERE POP  
HUDSON LIVES!



AT HOME STANTON DONS HIS DISGUISE

AND  
BECOMES THE  
DREADED MADAM  
FATAL...



HELLO MADAM  
FATAL—LOOK!  
WE'RE  
WAITIN' FOR  
OUR FIRST  
CASE!

LOOKS FINE,  
BOYS! WHY—  
THIS BELONGS  
TO POP HUDSON...  
I'LL TAKE IT  
TO HIM—



BUT  
HOW  
DID  
SHE  
KNOW?

SEARCH ME!  
TUBBY, I'VE GOT  
AN IDEA—WE'D  
BETTER FOLLOW  
HER—SHE MIGHT  
GET INTO TROUBLE  
AND SHE'S AN  
OLD LADY—



AS MADAM FATAL NEARS POP  
HUDSON'S TENEMENT...

THAT'S IT, ALL  
RIGHT—YOU'RE  
COMIN' WIT US,  
LADY—MOVE!

LOOK  
MIKE! TH'  
BASKET!!



INSIDE...



WELL?  
WHERE  
ARE TH'  
PLANS??

YOU'LL HAVE TO  
WAIT, ROXI! THE  
COPPERS TAILED ME  
AFTER I STOLE THEM  
SO I HAD TO GET RID  
OF THEM FOR  
AWHILE--



WE  
GOT  
IT  
BOSS!

THIS OLD HAG  
HAD IT ALL  
TH' WHILE!

QUICK-  
GIVE IT TO  
ME!



WHY-IT'S  
EMPTY!

AND AS POP HUDSON PRYS OPEN  
THE BOTTOM OF THE BASKET.....



GRAB  
HER, BOYS!  
SHE'S  
GOT TH'  
PLANS!



SUDDENLY....

REACH,  
YOU  
MUGGS!

IT'S US,  
MADAM FATAL-  
WE KNEW YOU'D  
GET IN TROUBLE  
SO WE BROUGHT  
OFFICER RYAN  
WITH US- HE'S HEARD  
EVERYTHING!



BUT ROXI, THE FOREIGN AGENT  
GOES FOR HIS GUN....

TUBBY GOES INTO ACTION.....



OLD POP HUDSON SUDDENLY  
COMES TO LIFE...



MAKE FOR  
TH' ROOF, BOYS!  
IT'S OUR ONLY  
CHANCE!



WITH OFFICER RYAN IN THE  
LEAD THE THREE CRIME BUSTERS  
COME OUT ON THE ROOF...







Another adventure of Madam Fatal in the March issue of CRACK COMICS.





MINUTES LATER A TAXICAB GOES TEARING DOWN THE CROWDED STREETS....



AND AS BUSY SURGEONS WORK, MADAM FATAL'S LIFE HANGS IN THE BALANCE...



Another adventure of Madam Fatal in the March issue of CRACK COMICS.



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933, of CRACK COMICS, published monthly, at Buffalo, New York, for October 1, 1941

State of Connecticut }  
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the CRACK COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn. Editor, Edward Cronin, 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereafter the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn., Claire C. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn., Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn., Henry P. Martin, Jr., 8 Foster Drive, Des Moines, Iowa.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is \_\_\_\_\_ (This information is required from daily publications only.)

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1941

LOUIS I. KURIANSKY Notary Public (My commission expires February 1, 1944)





Eric the great! Eric the invincible! Eric, the world's this-and-that! I'd heard so much about Eric Vale that when I actually met him, there in that far outpost of the world, Patagonia, I experienced several emotions.

I quickly dispersed the annoying ones, however, when Eric greeted me warmly with a grin that took me off balance.

"Yes," I said, "I've heard a lot about you, Mr. Vale. I'd begun to believe you were another Paul Bunyan—"

Eric's chuckle cut in. "Hot air, most of it," he said. "People always exaggerate, y'know."

He was so modest, so forthright, that I wondered a little if this lad *wasn't* as great as they say! I said, "Tell me, Mr. Vale, what was your biggest thrill?"

I wasn't prepared for the story that Eric Vale told me. "My biggest thrill," he mused. Then his eyes lighted. "That's easy. It happened in the Khyber Pass."

We had been snowed in all winter (he began) with a bunch of ill-tempered Afghans. We knew that we had to get through the pass before the slides began, and it didn't look like our Afghans were very willing to start.

We got under way at last. Those ponies! Ever see one of those shaggy, long-haired Afghan ponies? Not much bigger than a Shetland but they've got more stamina than five elephants. They can carry three hundred pounds all day at a mile-eating clip that'd kill any horse.

There were four of us whites, some thirty Afghans and three ugly Mongol or Tartar chaps who

looked like they'd slit your neck for a shilling. The temperature was forty-eight below zero. Our caravan included a half dozen tough hill dromedaries which we used for pack bearers.

I remember we had been on the trail three hours, and I was about frozen even though I had on a sheep-lined storm coat that'd stop a bullet, and a dog-fur parka that practically hid my head and face. Our leader, Kev, bellowed something and came racing back on his pony.

"Bandits!" he shouted. "A hun-



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933, of CRACK COMICS, published monthly, at Buffalo, New York, for October 1, 1941

State of Connecticut }  
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the CRACK COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn., Editor, Edward Cronin, 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn., Managing Editor, none, Business Managers, Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereafter the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn., Claude C. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn., Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn., Henry F. Martin, Jr., 8 Foster Drive, Des Moines, Iowa.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1941

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (My commission expires February 1, 1944)



dread of them coming up the pass."

The Afghans began yanking their short cattines out of saddle holsters. It's dangerous to fire a gun that is frozen, but that made no difference to them. We whites had the sense to keep our firearms coated with thick grease and encased in sheep-lined boots.



Kev fired the first shot. Man. I'll never forget that shot. The muzzle of his gun blew back in his face and took his whole lower jaw off clean. Kev bleated like a stuck pig, spouting gore, and pitched out of the saddle. One of his comrades sprang up and shot Kev through the head with his pistol. Of course, had as it sounds, it was the only way to put poor Kev out of his misery, he was beyond repair.

Then the bandits swarmed about us, the most ragged, savage-looking crew you ever saw. Funny, though, they only wanted food. They robbed us of every morsel we had, and every mirror in our packs. I don't know why those ugly devils wanted to see themselves but they got a terrific kick out of looking in the mirrors.

They left us after an hour or so, to re-load our animals and trudge on. We'd have to find food before nightfall or sleep on mighty flat stomachs. We had got to the lower levels of the pass on the India side when the snow began. It sounded like loud

thunder, far overhead, and we could see, five thousand feet up those craggy slopes, great snow packs and giant boulders bounding down at us.

I was riding double. The first of the slide caught us a quarter-mile from the opening of the pass. It hurtled down with a thunderous, w-hoo-w-m-m. And then everything black for me.

My first conscious recollection was that there was a ton of snow down my neck. Something moved under me. My legs were numb, but I knew that I had them around the neck of my pony. Someone groaned behind me. I knew who it was.

I said, "Hori!"

"No," replied my companion. "You."

I wasn't. But I was soaked to the skin and freezing. "We've got to get a fire," I said. I managed to get my head above the surface of the snow and saw, far ahead, a bobbing line of black dots. Our caravan!

"They've gone and deserted us!" I cried. "All of them!"

"We'll get out," said my rear rider. "Come, let's get this pony moving."

That was a task. I wriggled off and began digging snow away from the poor beast's head. When he got his head out, he came to life. With a snort he hooved up and then we were ploughing through five feet of soft snow.

My companion had a canteen of tea, which was the last of it. We drank, then pushed on. The snow falls in that country in the winter, about three times a year, and getting stuck was the worst. I was not getting stuck again.

ualized being caught in that stormy pass at night. Thousands of huge wolves roamed it. They hadn't the nerve to attack a caravan, but I knew two persons were certain bait.

"Got to step on it," said my companion. "Or we'll be furnishing dinner for the wolves."

It was nearing spring, so there was a moon. And two hours later we caught up with the main column. The whites were stiff with fear for us. But they had been unable to do anything. The Afghans assured them that we had perished, and they had refused to wait. That is the way with Afghans. Life means very little to them.

Well, when we reached the little half-way house operated by an old German-Mohammedan, we were one big happy family. We had lived through a bandit raid and a bad slide.

"But henceforth," my companion told me, "you are going to ride your own pony. You're big and old enough! Two is one too many on an Afghan pony, in a snow slide."

"That," Eric Vale told me, smiling reminiscently, "was the biggest thrill of my life, Mr. Gregory. When she told me that I could ride my own pony, alone—"

"She," I began. "Who—"

"My mother," Eric replied with a prideful gleam in his clear gray eyes. "You see, that happened twelve years ago, when I was six."









# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEFEY

NED BRANT AND JAMMER STEEL ARE BOTH WORKING OUT FOR THEIR BOUTS ON THE KIDDOES' CHRISTMAS BENEFIT SHOW, BUDGEON.

A 16

GOOD CHANCE TO TELL WHETHER NE'LL HAVE ANY SHOW AGAINST THE CHAMP IF HE GETS TO THE FINALS IN THE CONFERENCE TOURNAMENT, BUD

SAY, NED AND JAMMER ARE SKIPPING ROPE IN THE SAME RING!

SHUCKS- I CAN'T SEE A THING!

WE'LL FIX THAT

THROW THIS TOWEL ACROSS YOUR SHOULDER- YOU DO THE SAME, WOLF

GOOD IDEA- I'LL CARRY A BUCKET OF WATER, TOO

GANGWAY FOR THE HIRED HELP!

ONE SIDE, ONLOOKERS!

SEE ALL RIGHT NOW, BUD?

HEY! WHAT IS THIS? A BLACKOUT?

NOW THEY'RE SHADOW BOXING- AND GETTING PRETTY CLOSE TOGETHER

SAY! I THINK JAMMER PURPOSELY HIT NED THAT TIME!

SORRY, BRANT

OKAY, JAMMER- BUT IT DIDN'T LOOK VERY ACCIDENTAL TO ME!

HEY! WATCH THAT, JAMMER!

BOY, NED'S GETTING MAD!

HE DID IT AGAIN, JAKE!

JAKE THE TRAINER

IF YOU WANT TO FIGHT, COME ON!

THIS IS AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO KNOCK YOUR BLOCK OFF!

HERE, YOU TWO- NONE OF THAT!

WHAT A SCRAP IT'LL BE WHEN THEY FINALLY MEET!

AW, LET 'EM FIGHT!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW

THESE DORMITORY RULES AT CARTER ARE TOO STRICT ANYWAY

IMAGINE, TELLING US WE HAVE TO TURN IN AT 10 P.M.

WELL, LET'S EAT!

JUST SO THE SUPERVISOR DOESN'T HEAR US

GOT THE ROPE READY IN CASE THERE'S A KNOCK

AS I WAS SAYING - THESE RULES -

QUIET!

MEN AT WORK

EASY! WE DON'T WANT TO DUMP THE FOOD!

HURRY! THERE'S ANOTHER KNOCK - IT'S THE SUPERVISOR SURE!

PULL'ER UP - I HEARD FOOTSTEPS GOING DOWN THE HALL!

HMMM - THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS YOUNG FELLOW!

IT'S EMPTY! WE MUST HAVE SPILLED IT!

WELL, OF ALL THE CLUMSY DOPES!

WE DON'T DARE GO OUT AFTER IT!

THAT YOU, BUD - WHAT'S UP?

PIPE DOWN AND OPEN THE DOOR - I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU!

BUT, WHERE'D YOU GET ALL THIS SWELL FOOD?

NED BRANT, IF A GUY GAVE YOU \$100, YOU'D ASK HIM WHETHER IT WAS IN FIVES OR TENS!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW



Ned Brant is continued in the March issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale January 14th.



# SNAPPY







# ALIAS THE

• by Paul  
QUESTON—

# SPIDER

HE HUNTS THE MOST CUNNING OF ALL  
GAME—CRIMINALS BEYOND THE FAR-  
REACHING ARM OF THE LAW. THIS IS TOM  
HALLAWAY...ALIAS THE SPIDER!!

CHUCK, TOM HALLAWAY'S  
FAITHFUL SERVANT  
RUSHES INTO THE YOUNG MILLIONAIRE'S  
HOME.....



BOSS..  
BOSS!!

BOSS..THE CROW BROKE OUT  
OF THE DEATH HOUSE KILLED FOUR  
GUARDS AND BEAT IT IN ONE OF  
THE PRISON CARS!! HUH? HEY—  
WHERE YOU GOING?



AFTER THE CROW! I  
HEARD ABOUT IT ON THE  
POLICE BROADCAST..  
THEY LAST SAID HE  
WAS HEADING NORTH  
ON ROUTE 107A! GET  
THE BLACK WIDOW READY!  
CHUCK..I'LL BE DOWN  
IN A MINUTE!!



A SHORT TIME LATER IN THE SECRET  
GARAGE THAT HOUSES THE BLACK WIDOW..  
SILENT, SUPER-CHARGED CAR OF THE SPIDER.

OKAY BOSS—THE COAST  
IS CLEAR! LET HER  
RIP!!

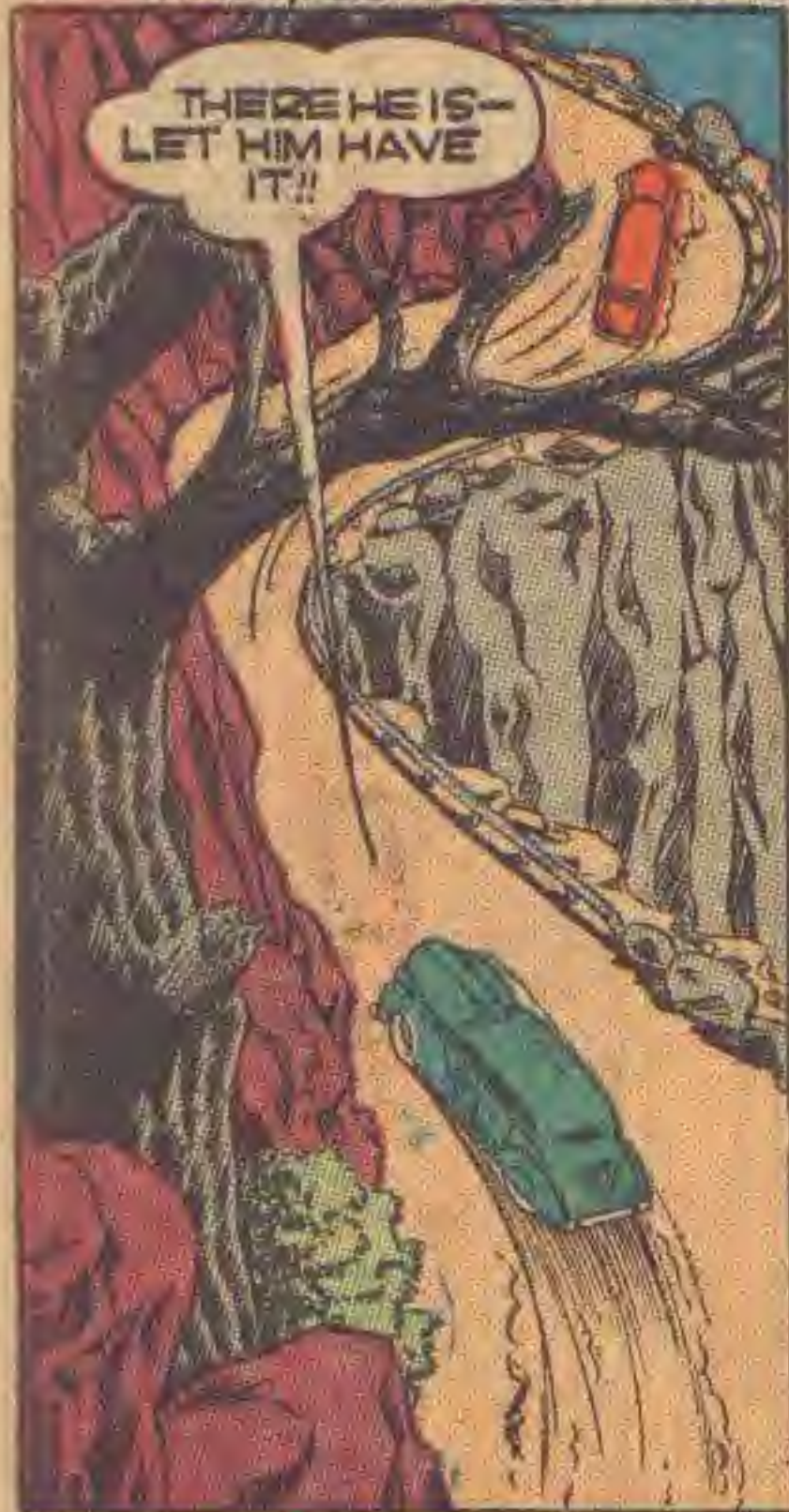




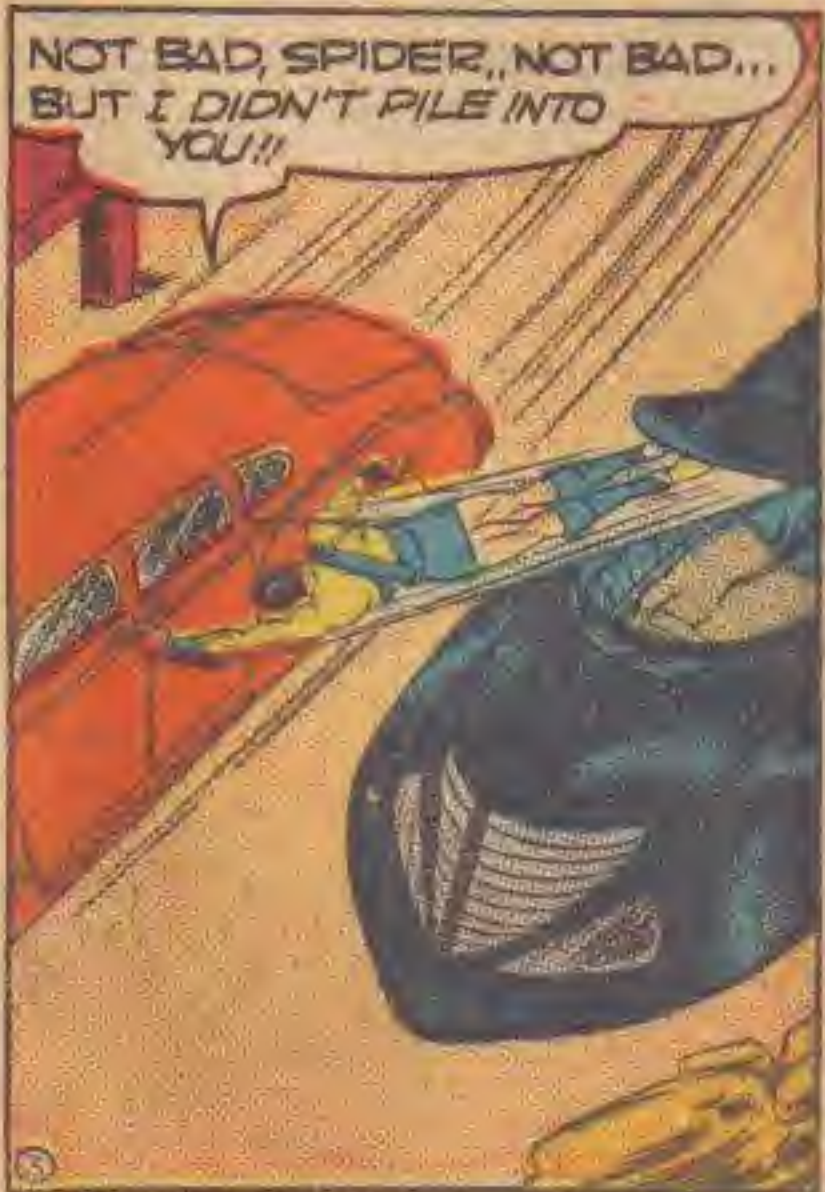
A HIDDEN DOOR IN THE DRIVEWAY OPENS QUICKLY AND A STREAKING BLACK SHAPE SPEEDS UNSEEN INTO THE STREETS...



MEANWHILE, ALONG ROUTE 107A...







ATTEMPTING TO DEFEND HIMSELF THE CROW LETS GO OF THE STEERING WHEEL AND THE CAR PLUNGES OVER THE EMBANKMENT...









WELL, CROW, YOU MADE A CLASS "A" CHUMP OUT OF ME— BUT I'LL BE SEEING YOU!!

AFTER REVIVING CHUCK...

O-O-O... MY HEAD! WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO NOW?

NOTHING— GO HOME!!

THREE WEEKS PASS—AND—

HEY, LAZY— AIN'T YOU CARRYIN' THIS "NOTHIN'" BUSINESS TOO FAR? YOU'VE BEEN SITTIN' AROUND HERE FOR...

OKAY!! I'LL LET YOU IN ON SOMETHING!!

HERE'S A MAP WITH MARKINGS WHERE NUMEROUS MYSTERIOUS CRIMES HAVE OCCURRED!! ALSO WHERE THE BLACK WIDOW HAS BEEN SEEN!!

HOLY CATS— I GET IT!! THEY ALL LEAD TO ONE CENTRAL POINT—THE HIDING PLACE OF THE CROW!! GO AHEAD AN' SLUG ME, BOSS— I GOT IT COMIN' TO ME!!

HEY— WHEN DO WE STRIKE, ANYWAY!!

TONIGHT! I'VE PUT A SUPER-CHARGER ON THAT SPECIAL JOB I HAD MADE LAST FALL... IT WON'T BE AS FAST AS THE BLACK WIDOW BUT IT'LL RUN A GOOD SECOND!

THAT NIGHT, NEAR THE ESTIMATED HIDING PLACE OF THE CROW...

THIS WAITIN' IS GIVIN' ME TH' JITTERS! MAYBE WE MISSED HIM!

NO, HE'LL HAVE TO COME THIS WAY!!

THEN— SUDDENLY

CHUCK— C'MON!!

GULP! Y-YOU DRIVE I NEVER THOUGHT THE DANG THING WENT THAT FAST!



KEEPING CLOSE ENOUGH..YET UNNOTICED THE SPIDER TAILS THE CROW TO AN OLD MILL JUST OFF THE HIGHWAY..



SEE THAT NO ONE COMES IN, CHUCK!!

OKAY! BUT ARE YOU SURE YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT?



150 GRAND..THESE SMALL TOWN BANKS HAVE A NICE BIT OF CASH ON HAND! NOW TO TAKE A LOOK AT THESE ROCKS!



NO YOU DON'T!!



NOW, CROW-YOU AND I ARE GOING TO SETTLE SOMETHING ONCE AND FOR ALL!! AND WHEN I'M FINISHED, YOU'LL WISH YOU HAD STAYED IN THE DEATH HOUSE!



A SHORT TIME LATER, OUTSIDE..

HEY..WHAT'S ALL THE RUMPUS IN THERE?



WAL, PAW NEEDED A HAIR CLIPPIN' AN' HE DON'T WANNA GIT ONE..SO MAW'S USIN' HIM FER A MOP AN' PAW'S PROTESTIN'! NOW, IF PAW WOULD...



BAH! FAMILY FIGHTS DON'T INTEREST ME..NOW..WHERE THE HECK IS THAT SPIDER AN' THE CROW HE CAUGHT!?

HEH! HEH! HEH!!

OKAY NOW BOSS!





# Your CHRISTMAS Daisy READY

LOOK 'EM OVER NOW!

## DAISY SINGLE SHOT

—holds only 1 shot at a time. Lever action.

\$1.50

## NICKELLED 500-SHOT REPEATER

—All metal parts nickel-plated. A repeater.

\$1.95

## LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE

—Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine featuring Lightning-Loader invention. Adjustable Double Notch Rear Sight.

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## BUCK JONES SPECIAL

—60-shot pump repeater in Outdoor Style. Full-floating type Compass inlaid in stock beside accurate Sundial brand.

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—THE KING OF ALL AIR RIFLES! 30-shot force-feed repeater. Take-down model. Adjustable rear-sight and "non-slip" grooves on butt of pistol grip. American Walnut stock. Simulated gold engraving on jacket.

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Shoot a  
GOLDEN  
BANDED  
1000  
SHOT

**RED RYDER**  
Saddle

## CARBINE

Tell Dad to hang one of these beautiful Daisys on your Christmas Tree! Why not make it a western saddle carbine? RED RYDER CARBINE features Golden Bands, adjustable double-notch Rear Sight, Lightning-Loader invention for loading 1000 shot in 20 seconds, carbine style Cocking Lever, full-length Fore-piece, 16-inch Leather Thong knotted to authentic Swivel Carbine Ring—and Red Ryder's brand on pistol grip stock. Comes packed in colored carton. Choose your

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Red Ryder says—"I've seen everything in the Daisy Corral—it's all pictured in this new 16-page Daisy Air Rifle Catalog. Send for yours quick, fellers, and show it to Dad. Write Daisy today for your Free copy."

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The gun that's fun for the whole family! Targeteer Pistol, 500 shot, spinning "birdie" targets, 25 target cards, back-stop, complete.



## USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT

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5¢  
Use Daisy-made steel Bulls Eye Shot for accurate shooting in Daisy, King Air Rifles. At Dealers.

# DAISY AIR RIFLES

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**TOM HAD THE**

*Merryest Christmas*

**EVER!**



GEE! THAT'S WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS ... BUT IT'S NO USE HOPIN'.

SAY, TOM! YOU OUGHTA SEND FOR A MOVIE CYCLORAMA AND SHOW IT TO YOUR DAD!



A SCHWINN BIKE JUST BROKE THE WORLD SPEED RECORD.

SWELL! I'LL SEND THE COUPON RIGHT NOW!



LOOK, DAD, BUCK JONES RIDES A SCHWINN-BUILT BIKE! CAN'T I HAVE ONE FOR CHRISTMAS?

WE'LL SEE ABOUT IT, SON.



IT'S THE SWELLEST PRESENT YOU COULD GIVE ME!

**FREE!**

GET THIS MOVIE CYCLORAMA — SHOW IT TO YOUR DAD!

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